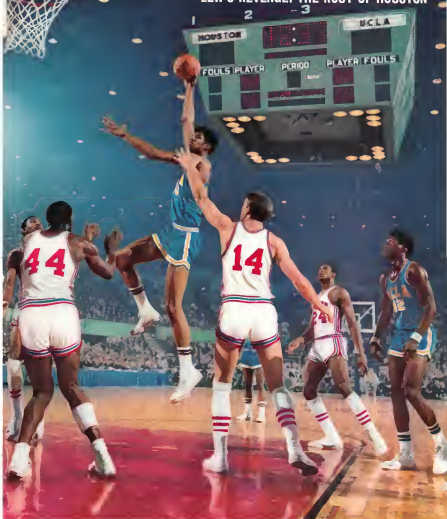


UCLA UCLA UCLA UCLA

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 1, 1968 40 CENTS

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Next week

THE MASTERS has no rival in U.S. golf when it comes to tradition, ceremony and grandeur, but much of what happens is backstage. Dan Jenkins tells some of the secrets of Augusta.

STANLEY CUP HOCKEY begins its longest run yet as expansion teams play for the first time. Pete Axelson reviews a topsy-turvy season and predicts how the cup warfare will go.

TWO DERBIES on Saturday, one at Santa Anita and the other at Gulfstream Park, sharpen the prospects for the Derby—the one to be held at Churchill Downs in May, of course.

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When you're out to beat the world

SCORECARD

THE HIGH MINORS

That cities like Seattle, Kansas City, San Diego, Dallas and Milwaukee—and the baseball fans in them—should be eager advocates of big-league expansion is certainly understandable. And the enthusiasm of the American and National Leagues for widening their horizons are explainable: the American League will collect \$10,900,000 from the franchises it has allotted to Seattle and Kansas City for the 1969 season. Each of the established clubs will sell six cut-rate players to the new teams at the cutthroat price of \$175,000 apiece. And the American League office gets a \$100,000 fee from the two new clubs.

But is expansion really good for baseball as a business and baseball as a sport? When the leagues expanded from eight to 10 clubs in 1961 and 1962, the talent in the majors was diluted by 20%. Now, if the National League follows the American League's example, as seems likely, and adds two new teams of its own, one out of every three players in the majors will be an athlete who, eight seasons ago, would not have been good enough to compete in the big time.

Baseball purists have complained for years about the death of the minor leagues. The minors aren't dead—they're just disguised.

DIGGING IT

Those who like to view their sports through a psychedelic prism—to reflect, say, upon the Oedipal drama manifest in Pete Maravich playing basketball for his father—can read the *San Francisco Express Times*, the only known underground newspaper with a sports column. "I see the game differently from many fans," says Sportswriter Frank Bardacke, who is fresh out of jail following his arrest at an antiwar demonstration. "I think there are things to say to underground people about sport. You know the material is there. So far, half my columns have been political or racial [he saw the Houston-UCLA game

last January as a confrontation between "hired hands" and "sophisticated black nationalists"], and the others have been just fun, or maybe psychological. My best column, I think, was commenting on a letter sent by Charles Finley to a million people in the Bay area urging them to buy his mule and his A's. I likened it to a letter from your Congressman—oh, you think that's political satire? Perhaps."

Bardacke, a graduate student in political science at the University of California, says many underground people have "a narrow focus and have never read the sports page. They tell me they are first-timers and enjoying it." Ordinarily, he doesn't burden them with things like scores—it's just the relationships that are important.

IN A VALLEY

The Missouri Valley Conference was for a long time one of the strongest in basketball—Cincinnati won successive national championships in 1961 and 1962—but the conference now appears to be losing its punch. The cause, the MVC coaches complain, is the 1.6 rule, which has been in effect for three seasons. The conference has a tradition of demanding competition, but its colleges have often been less demanding scholastically. As one coach puts it, "Except for St. Louis and maybe Drake, the Valley isn't made up of what you'd call academically oriented schools."

The 1.6 rule and a conference regulation passed in 1966 barring the admission of athletes who score less than 700 on the Scholastic Aptitude Test have severely restricted recruiting, which is, after all, the whole point. A poor recruiting year in 1966 left four Missouri Valley colleges without any sophomores on their squads this season.

Increasingly, the MVC coaches are turning to junior colleges to fill their rosters. Most of these transfer students did not have a 1.6 prediction when they were admitted into junior college. However,

on the basis of their grades in junior college they may be accepted as transfers.

The 1.6 rule is cramping recruiting in other conferences and schools as well, but its true effectiveness is most obvious where athletic excellence, not scholastic aptitude, was once a prime concern.

NEW WAVELENGTH

Are you a golfer afraid of water hazards? Well, the Indian Hills Golf Club in Riverside, Calif. may be just the place to buoy up your confidence. Its driving range consists of seven acres of water. Floating golf balls are used, and targets, similar to lifesavers, serve as distance markers. Indian Hills Pro Jimmy Powell says driving into water, with no roll on the ball, gives a golfer a true measurement of the length of his drive.

You might think of that the next time you hit into a water hazard.

WRIGGLING GUT

In Shoberness, England the price of a bait-digging license has been raised—from 60¢ to \$1.20 per year. The inflationary fee so angered a local group of anglers who use lugworms that they protested to Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Roy Jenkins. But the chancellor



disclaimed authority and the complaint went to the Prices and Incomes board which said it could make no decision unless requested by the government. The Ministry of Defense took up the matter, since it owns some of the mud in which the worms live, but immediately turned to the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food for a decision as to whether lugworms were fish or worms. Now the Home Office is involved. Half

continued

Just because the U.S. Olympic Crew will wear Converse boat shoes, should you?



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the next, we also design our casuals for action. Meaning what? Meaning action-traction soles. Cushioned insoles, heels, arch supports. And fabrics that can take lots of kicking around on a court — and lots of spinning around in the washer. So why not wear Converse Casuals? The least that can happen is you'll

look like an Olympic swimmer. And is that bad? Converse Rubber Company, Malden, Massachusetts 02148.

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When you're out to beat the world

a dozen letters have passed back and forth between it and the anglers. But so far no ruling has been made.

FOUL PLAY

The effect of large home-town crowds on the officiating at basketball games has now been proved—up to a point. Ronald Polk, a graduate student working toward his Ph.D. in physical education at the University of New Mexico, gathered statistics from 100 college games, the majority of them in the Western Athletic Conference, and he concludes that the bigger the crowd, the greater the number of fouls called on the visiting team. Polk found that in 32 games where the attendance was 4,000 or less, visitors had 19 more fouls called on them than the host team. In 38 games where the attendance was between 4,000 and 8,000, the visitors drew 66 more fouls than their competitors. And in 30 games with crowds of between 8,000 and 12,000, the visitors were charged with 81 more fouls than the home team.

This home-court advantage is not as significant as some coaches would have their fans believe. Polk's statistics show a visiting team playing in front of a large crowd draws, on the average, only 2.7 more fouls per game than the home team. In front of a small crowd, the difference is reduced to less than one foul a game. It hardly seems worth all the shouting.

NO TRUCK WITH THAT

The Olson Transportation Company of Green Bay, Wis. recently sold its truck franchises, 450 trailers, 350 tractors and 100 delivery trucks, to CW Transport, Inc. of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis. Olson, however, would not part with some of its assets—40 Green Bay Packer season tickets.

INDEFENSIBLE: I

Razings an opponent is an accepted part of professional sport, from the well-known bench jockeying that goes on between baseball teams to the less publicized taunts of football and ice-hockey players. But there are, or should be, limits. Last week National Hockey League President Clarence Campbell was investigating charges that the Boston Bruins had exceeded decency, provoking Philadelphia Flyer Defenseman Larry Zeidel, the only Jewish player in the league, into a bloody fight. The Boston bench,

Zeidel claims, baited him with remarks such as "Jew Boy, we're going to put you in the gas chamber." What made the taunts especially cruel and hard to believe is the fact that Zeidel's grandparents died in concentration camps.

Asked if his team was guilty of such remarks, Boston Coach Harry Sinden replied: "I didn't hear them but I don't think calling Zeidel a Jew's a b— is discrimination."

The Bruins' behavior is repulsive. We hope President Campbell will make that plan to the Boston management.

INDEFENSIBLE: II

Suppose in the final week of the American League season last year that the California Angels had said, "To hell with it," and lost all four of their games to the Detroit Tigers. Detroit, not the Boston Red Sox, would have won the championship and all baseball fans would have been outraged.

Last week the Boston Celtics did seem to say, "To hell with it." They benched two starters, Bill Russell and Tom Sanders—the announced reason was minor injuries—and watched Detroit, a team they had beaten six of eight times, run up a 24-point lead during the second quarter. This served Boston's cause well, for the Detroit victory resulted in Detroit—not Cincinnati, which has beaten the Celtics five of eight—getting into the NBA playoffs. Not coincidentally, Detroit's first-round playoff opponent is Boston.

The Boston crowd booed the Celtics most of the night for their noneffort against Detroit. We'd like to add a big boo of our own.

FLOATING A POLICY

It should probably come as no surprise that Pontiac, the sponsor of a number of televised ski races, has taken out \$80,000 worth of insurance with Lloyd's of London to protect itself in case there is a snow problem at Lake Tahoe for a scheduled World Cup ski race there next week. The \$4,200 policy, which will cover 80% of the expenses of moving NBC's cameras and equipment to a higher altitude should there be a lack of snow in Heavenly Valley, is just the latest example in what has become the big-money business of sports insurance.

"The insurance of things related to sports is increasing every year," a Lloyd's executive says. "Because of television

coverage, more and more money is involved." And it is not just TV companies and sponsors that take out policies. Frank Sinatra, for instance, took out insurance a few years ago on a heavy-weight championship fight. Sinatra had had a closed-circuit TV line hooked up to his apartment and had invited some friends in to watch. England's elite race meeting, Ascot, has often insured itself against postponement. But Lloyd's considers that its most sporting deal was one made with a railman who set off from New Zealand in 1985 to circumnavigate the globe. He was skipping an open plank raft, 22 feet square, carrying a crew of five. He figured the round trip would take five or six years, and he persuaded Lloyd's to insure the raft for that period of time. "I guess he is still out there somewhere," the Lloyd's spokesman says, "probably in the South Seas, moored to a palm tree. In any case, we haven't heard from him yet, but he's got another few years to go."

PLACIDO

Erving Kauffman, the pharmaceutical manufacturer who owns the new Kansas City franchise, wanted his team, which will begin play next year, to be called the Stars, the Kings or the Eagles. But earlier Kauffman said that he would leave the naming of the team to his board of directors. Last week the board voted 6 to 1 to call the club the Royals. At least, said Kauffman, the name was better than one several fans had suggested—the Kansas City Pills.

THEY SAID IT

• Tim McCarver, Cardinal catcher, (195): asked why he bats left-handed. "When I was 6 years old, my sister tried to make me bat right-handed. I asked why. 'So you'll conform with the rest of the kids on the block,' she said. 'Nix.' I told her, 'I'll write right and throw right, but I can't change my batting this late in life.'"

• Clay Dalrymple, Phillie catcher (also left-handed but 172): "I could be a candidate for comeback-of-the-year honors. The problem is that I've never been any place to come back to."

• A member of the all-Negro Florida A&M football team on hearing that the school had signed as first white football player, Rufus Brown: "Rufus is going to be one of us. Rufus is a real soul mate."

END

So many Olympic teams will be wearing Converse footwear, we'd like you to see them in action

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205 exciting prizes in the Converse Sneakerstakes

5 first prizes — each prize a free week for a father and his

son or sons at the Olympics in Mexico City. Includes air travel, room at a first-rate hotel, meals, tickets to a week's-worth of Olympic events, and \$100 in pocket money.

100 second prizes — each prize a complete Converse footwear outfit for your entire family.

100 third prizes — each prize a complete Converse footwear outfit for the father or son who wins.

How to enter the Converse Sneakerstakes

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When you're out to beat the world

TWO ROUTS TO A TITLE

Brushing aside the last pretenders, Houston and North Carolina, UCLA continues its reign as the national basketball champion, and nothing emerged in Los Angeles to indicate that next year will be any different

by JOE JARES

Relaxed, confident, unbeaten in 31 games, dressed in matching black-and-white-checked double-breasted blazers, the University of Houston's uninhibited assortment of basketball players arrived at Los Angeles International Airport last week and proceeded to the glamorous Beverly Hilton Hotel, where a fan of theirs had set them up with free rooms. Elvin Hayes and Theodis Lee appeared on *The Jory Bishop Show*. Handsome Center Ken Spain was twice interviewed for *The Dating Game*. Hayes and his wife Erna dined at The Luau in Beverly Hills. And a former Houston cheerleader named Rudy Durand got Coach Guy Lewis into this season's swingiest private Hollywood night spot, The Factory. Durand also provided a Cadillac limousine and a movie-studio tour for Hayes, Don Chaney and their wives. They visited the *Hells Dolly* set, which is bigger than Elvin's home town of Rayville, La.

There was something else on the Houston schedule: a game with UCLA (see cover) in the semifinals of the NCAA tournament Friday night, and the Cougars were beaten by 32 points. They were beaten, in fact, by one of the finest exhibitions of skill, speed and shooting in the history of college basketball. It was not the highlight of their trip.

Evidence turned up early that it would not be Houston's night. Howie Lorch, the Cougars' student manager, was arrested outside the Sports Arena just be-

fore the game and booked on charges of scalping tickets. As one Houston player said later, some of his teammates "seemed more worried about selling their tickets than about the game." Scalpers luckier than Lorch were getting as much as \$50 a ticket, and a few greedy ones were insisting customers purchase seats for both nights.

To many the prices were not unreasonable. Last January in the Astrodome, UCLA was upset by Houston 71-69, losing its No. 1 ranking and a chance for a second straight undefeated season. The subsequent SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cover showed Hayes shooting a jump shot over the upstretched arm of Lew Ajajor. Lew, who had been completely outplayed by Elvin, put the cover up in his locker, where he had to look at it every day before and after practice. Both teams had gone unbeaten since that night under the Dome, both had made it without much strain into the NCAA's final round of four, and now they were to meet in UCLA's backyard. It did not much matter which Eastern team, North Carolina or Ohio State, got into the final game, *this* one was for the national championship.

While a record Sports Arena basketball crowd of 15,742, plus thousands more watching closed-circuit TV in six locations, awaited the tipoff, the giant screen set up at the west end of Pauley Pavilion, UCLA's campus arena across town, showed only blobs and shadows

in a snowstorm. Half the crowd of 8,500, which included the athletic director's mother-in-law, went home in disgust.

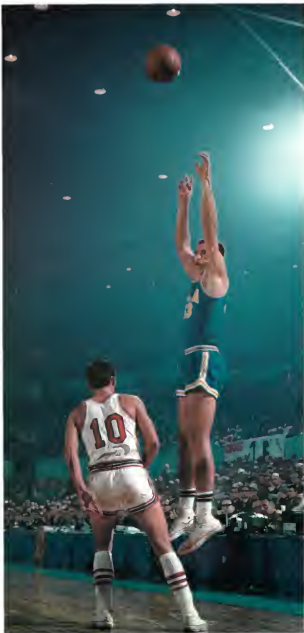
UCLA won the tip and was never behind, but the game was not a romp—at first. The Bruins spurred to a 12-4 lead. Houston rallied to within one point, 20-19, and everyone settled back to watch the two best teams in the country battle into maybe five or six overtimes. Perhaps Howie Lorch could get balked out in time to see the finish. The Bruins chose that moment to tramp on the gas pedal, and in the next four minutes 17 seconds UCLA outscored Houston 17-5 and generally behaved as if it were playing against five blindfolded Campfire Girls. When Lynn Shackelford stole the ball and passed to Lucius Allen for an easy layup to make the score 37-24, the Cougars called time-out and Don Chaney slammed the ball down in frustration.

Intermittent consultations with Coach Lewis did not help, not even at half time when he talked about "pride, not quiting, hanging tough, those good ol' American principles we'll need if we ever fight the Russians or the Chinese or some of those folks." UCLA kept tormenting Houston with its full-court press and scoring easily on fast breaks and accurate outside shooting. The lead was up to 22 by the half and grew to 28, to 39 and reached its peak at 44. If they had not used many substitutes in the last five or six minutes, the Bruins

continued

Slipping between two Carolina defenders with his streaky speed, Mike Warren takes off for a layup. "We're a vindictive team," he said later.





TWO ROUTES *continued*

would have won by 50 or 60 points.

"That's the greatest exhibition of basketball I've ever seen," said Lewis.

The pro-UCLA crowd loved it and screamed for more. If Lewis and his players had been fallen gladiators, it would have been thumbs down from all the Neros. Amid the noise and fury, Houston's pet cougar, Shasta, who might have been expected to pace up and down in his cage the way a ferocious mascot should, slept through the second half. The final score was 101-69.

There were many reasons for the rout, but the main one was that Hayes reacted to this all-important game roughly the way Shasta did. Nothing apparently had occurred this season to discourage Hayes, but when something did, he discouraged very easily. What happened was that John Wooden and his assistant, Jerry Norman, came up with a diamond-shaped zone defense that put Mike Warren at the top of the key, Allen and Mike Lynn on the wings and Lew underneath the basket (ducking to avoid scraping his head on the rim). That left Lynn Shackelford free to shadow Elvin. Shack did a good job; there were times when he and Hayes looked like two guys doing a soft-shoe routine. Perhaps Hayes enjoyed the attention. Much of the time, anyway, he hardly tried to avoid it.

The defense, which Wooden had never used before, naturally left some loopholes, but Houston shot a miserable 28.2% from the floor. Theodis Lee, who was hampered by fouls early, made only two of 15 shots. UCLA, on the other hand, hit better than 50%. Alcindor, Lynn and Allen each had 19 points and Lucius, especially, was dazzling. He earned 12 assists, had nine rebounds and seemed to dribble in and out of Houston's one-three-one zone whenever he felt like it.

Alcindor was his old intimidating self on defense, and he made half his 14 shots from the floor, five of six free throws and took 18 rebounds. (Leaving the arena later, Lew made a large splash in the world of fashion as well by wear-

continued

Amazingly accurate on difficult corner shot, Lynn Shackelford hit often against Houston.



Shooting through a crowd (above), a mark of his power, Larry Miller was Carolina's high scorer and steady rebounder in final-round games.

Recovering a loose ball here, Lucius Allen repeatedly forced and took advantage of rival errors with uncanny quickness of hand and foot.





ing a loose-fitting, multicolored African garment called a "dignity robe.")

In addition to clamping down on Hayes with the diamond, UCLA tinkered with its full-court zone press. In Houston the Cougars were beating it with quick downcourt passes. This time UCLA effectively cut off those downcourt passes and the Cougar guards often tried to dribble out of trouble, which was just what the Bruins wanted. Still, Houston had only one more turnover than UCLA. Vern Lewis, the coach's son, who wasn't supposed to be anywhere near as good as the ineligible George Reynolds, had no turnovers.

Probably it would not have made any difference if they had been stoked up on super pep pills, but all the Cougars seemed to be flat, uninspired and too loose. Perhaps they were just overconfident.

"In Houston we were worried about playing UCLA," said one player, "but this time it seemed just like another game."

"We just weren't up for it," said Theodis Lee. "I figured before the game that the best we could shoot would be 35%. Our mental attitude wasn't right."

The Bruins, on the other hand, were psyched up like the Spartans at Thermopylae.

"We haven't really said anything publicly, but we're a vindictive team," said Mike Warren afterward. "We've been looking forward to this game a long time. And we're not looking past North Carolina. We'll run them back down South, too."

Which they did in the finals the next night.

North Carolina, champion of the tough East Regional, was in the final four for the second straight year. Last time the Tar Heels lost to unheralded Dayton in the semifinals and they were determined not to get caught looking ahead to the finals again. Conscientiously paying attention to the game at hand, they beat a surprisingly good Ohio State team 80-66 as All-America Larry Miller scored 20 points.

"Obviously, Houston and UCLA are the two best teams in the country," said

Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith, while waiting for the other semifinal game to start. "And now, maybe we're third." Which would he rather play? Smith answered by quoting Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor: "Getting hit by a train or a truck, it doesn't make much difference."

Smith figured his team had to control the tempo against UCLA or it would be embalmed and buried by half time. So he planned to use his four-corner offense, with Charlie Scott, Rusty Clark, Bill Bunting and Dick Grubar in the corners and Miller roaming around in the middle. Once North Carolina got through the press, or if it did, it would set up carefully and look for the high-percentage shot. In that way, he reasoned, his team might be within striking distance at the end.

Against his usual practice, Smith let his players watch the first half of the UCLA-Houston game and they were not awed. "Young men are not as realistic as coaches," he said. "I know it will take a miracle, but I have confidence in them."

The miracle did not come about. After Ohio State beat Houston in the preliminary game for third place, UCLA confidently took North Carolina by 23 points, 78-55. UCLA recognized early that only Miller and Scott seemed willing to shoot and concentrated on them.

Akindor scored 34 points against North Carolina's man-to-man defense. Time after time a teammate would lob a pass to him just under the hoop and he would drop it in. Not nifty long-range marksmanship, but effective nevertheless. He also had 16 rebounds and at least seven blocked shots. He was named player of the tournament, and three other Bruins, Allen, Warren and Shackelford, joined him and Miller on the all-tournament team. The Bruin who was left out, Mike Lynn, hit eight out of 10 shots against Houston, which is a nice gauge of the caliber of this starting five. Immediately after the final buzzer, Lew carried a chair over to one basket and cut down the net, which is basketball's mild version of tearing down a goalpost. He didn't really need the chair to stand on. By the time the watches and

the NCAA tie tacks and the big NCAA trophy were presented, Akindor had the net draped around his neck like a lei and Warren wore the one from the other basket.

"We didn't play the perfect game and you have to play the perfect game to beat them," said Smith. He called Akindor "the greatest player who ever played the game" and UCLA "the greatest basketball team of all time." In both cases he probably was excluding the pros, but then again, maybe not. The Bruin basketball players tended to agree with him.

"Our next goal is a third NCAA title next year," said Allen.

"It's difficult to do, very difficult," said Wooden. (Coaches are more realistic than young men.) "Look back through the history of the NCAA. Isn't it difficult?"

It is indeed. No team has ever won three NCAA championships in a row. But Akindor, Allen and Shackelford will be back, and they will have for company the current star of an undefeated freshman team, Curtis Rowe, plus a couple of talented redshirts and an outstanding junior-college prospect. If Akindor keeps other people's fingers out of his eyes, there seems to be no major obstacle to the goal.

Despite UCLA's winning its fourth NCAA championship in five years, Houston was awarded most of the season's shiny bric-a-brac. Hayes was chosen player of the year four weeks ago, and Guy Lewis was his colleagues' choice as coach of the year. That was fair enough. He accepted both the sweet Astro-dome victory and the overwhelming Sports Arena defeat with admirable grace.

What was ludicrous, however, was the fact that Houston also won the two national wire-service rankings, because the weekly polls ended before the NCAA tournament began. The Cougars are not No. 1—not by a mile, not by 32 points. This is not to denigrate them, however, for without their big upset of the champions in January, Year Two in the Reign of King Lew would have been awfully monotonous.

END

THE BIRDS, THE BEES AND THE PORSCHEs

At Sebring two girl drivers annoyed some Ford men, who buzzed at the resolute little German cars but ultimately lost out

by KIM CHAPIN

The 12 hours of Sebring is the most popular road race in the U.S. Why this should be so is not exactly clear, and probably never will be. It is neither the longest race nor the fastest, nor does it draw the most spectators, and those who attend have to go through a masochistic hellfire and damnation (the nearest commercial airport is 1½ hours' drive away) even to find the track—a crumbling airstrip six miles outside a small central Florida town, located amid orange groves on top of the East Coast's largest sand box.

And when they do get there, the fun just begins. A select few hundred stay in two pastel-pink luxury hotels, circa 1920s Florida land boom-bust, and pay up to \$50 a night for the privilege of hearing a sequined blonde Czechoslovakian massacre songs in nine languages. During the race, the beautiful people sip champagne in the paddock. That takes care of the Faviern white-turtleneck set. The rest, using fraternity-house ingenuity, make do in the infield and drink beer. Surprisingly, everybody smiles.

As Phil Hill, the American driver who

won at Sebring three times and now does TV comment, said with a smile, "I know why I'm here, but I'm a bit prejudiced. I'm not sure why people come to see the race. It's nostalgic, I suppose."

Sebring, one of the first U.S. tracks to revive European-style road racing after World War II, held the first United States Grand Prix in 1959 and nearly every famous driver of the last 18 years has raced there at one time or another. More important, it serves as a sort of gathering of the racing clan, international division. Maybe that's all it takes.

Nostalgia or masochism or whatever, 25,000 people were at Sebring last week (about three times as many as saw the 24-hour run at the antiseptic Daytona International Speedway. Sebring's intrastate rival, seven weeks earlier) to watch the little Porsche prototypes do what everybody knew they would—win the second of the season's American sports-car endurance races. The first of Porsche's top two finishers was driven by Jo Siffert of Switzerland and Hans Herrmann of Germany, and it won at an average speed of 102.512 miles per hour, less than a mile an hour slower than last year's record, set by Mario Andretti and Bruce McLaren in the big, but now-outlawed, Mark IV Ford.

For all the 25,000 fans, the happiest fellow at Sebring was the man who started it 18 years ago, Alec Ulmann, the Russian-born MIT graduate whose "honest profession," as he puts it, is representing airplane-parts companies in Europe.

"Before World War I," Ulmann said, "American and European racing, and automobiles, were about equal, but after the war U.S. promoters wanted the most return on the littlest bit of real estate, and they naturally turned to oval racing. That killed U.S. automotive design and engineering for years."

"After World War II, I wanted to try and keep some semblance of European racing over here, and that's why I started the Sebring races. When Bill France built Daytona in 1959 I offered to go in with him—if he would build a separate road course apart from the big oval. He didn't go for it. So what's he got? Sports cars running there look like a can of worms on those banks. But he makes money and I don't."

A friend of Ulmann's, John Paul Stack, a Cornell man and former amateur Bentley driver who manages the Harvard Club in New York and who has



Jewell Driver Liane Engeman of Holland pretties up before her row with a losing Austin

been at every Sebring race, said, "Sebring has its tradition. It's bigger now than it was in the early '50s, of course. Back then you knew everybody, but there's still a lot of the old intimacies left."

While the more traditional sports-car set held firm in the end, during the race it looked like good old American ingenuity just might take a swipe at all those European types. First to dig in was James Garner, the movie star turned racing nut, who brought out a pair of Chevrolet-powered Lolas, one of which driven by Californians Scotter Parrack and David Jordan, actually led the race for most of the first 2½ hours before a steering problem forced it to drop back.

During this period two of the four factors Porsche eliminated themselves, one when Ludovico Scarfionni overexerted his engine to the breaking point. The other threw a valve right through the crankcase. That made things even enough for Roger Penske to think his two Camaros, which were only supposed to be going for a win in their class—the over-two-liter Trans-American division—might have a chance against the other Porsches. But the Porsches did not falter, and Penske settled for third and fourth places overall, 16 and 20 laps behind the Siffert-Herrmann car.

The most serious Porsche challenge came from a pair of GT-40 Fords entered by John Wyer of England, who is not unknown in Dearborn. Although the Fords were competing in the "sports" class like the Lolas, the only thing Wyer was really concerned with was beating the Porsches. "Nobody cares, really, whether you win your class or not," he said in very English English. "The only thing anybody cares about is overall."

The trouble was, the drivers of his No. 1 car, Jackie Ickx of Belgium and Brian Redman of England, had never seen Sebring before last week, and the 5.2-mile course, a succession of long straights and tight, sharp turns, is something no driver, however talented, can learn in a week. During practice, Ickx logged 25 laps, Redman but 12. After just 45 minutes of the actual race, Redman busted his clutch.

At the U-turn at the end of the back straight, Redman went in too deep and spun out. Then in the excitement he engaged the clutch before the car was moving forward.



The winning Porsches for fuel and driver Hans Herrmann (left) and Ludovico Siffert (right).

"It was gone like that," Redman said. "Proof."

The other GT-40, driven by Britain's David Hobbs and Australia's Fred Hawkins, challenged until just after 6 p.m., the eight-hour mark, retiring with suspension damage. Hawkins, however, most definitely had not retired. Half an hour later, flashing a can of beer and employing the language's best-known all-purpose verb, adjective and noun, Hawkins precipitated the most interesting discussion of the race.

Seems that three hours before, he had bounced off a little Porsche 911 (not one of the prototypes) that he found broadside in the Esses, a very quick left-right-left chicane about one-third of the way through the course. "The Porsche didn't cause the accident," Hawkins belated. "Those bloody birds did."

That was a reference to a girl team in an American Motors Javelin. "They drove like they were in a bloody funeral procession," said Hawkins. "One girl was ahead of the Porsche and motioned him past, then changed her mind—just like a bloody woman and kept going. The Porsche hit her and spun and blocked the bloody track. I got off the road into the grass but I still couldn't miss the Porsche. Those bloody birds shouldn't be in the race. A woman's place is in the bedroom or the kitchen,

and if she can't cook, send her back to the bedroom."

Half an hour after that, the girl involved, a stinking blonde from Holland named Lucie Engeman, told her version: dust, dirt and burned rubber doing very little to detract from her attractive features. "The Porsche was going too fast," she murmured. "It simply couldn't make the turn. I don't know what Hawkins was doing except making excuses for a mistake. This make me very mad."

"What color eyes do you have?" somebody asked.

"Blue," she said.

After that was over, everybody settled down again for the finish. In the last two hours the only serious Porsche problem occurred when the second-place car pitted for 22 minutes to replace a burned-out wheel bearing, but that was all.

At 10 p.m. fireworks lighted the clear Florida night, and Alec Ulmann's wife Mary walked into an impromptu victory lane and kissed Huschke von Hanstein, the Porsche team manager, who was dressed immaculately in British racedress.

Then the trophy was filled with champagne, Herrmann and Siffert sipped from it, and everybody started home, vowing never to come back to the Florida midlands until next year. **END**

A HEAVY BLOW IN A WINDY CITY

Two playoff teams are homeless as Philadelphia struggles to resolve the strange case of its new \$12 million arena, which blew its top in a high wind and has been kept closed by a violent political storm **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

The last cheer to echo inside Philadelphia's Spectrum faded nearly a month ago. Since then the new arena, which is built along the clean, if uninspired, lines of a six-story sardine can, has sat vacant and silent on the sullen, windswept flats of South Philadelphia (where once, coincidentally, the city dumped its garbage). Inside the building, where both the NBA 76ers and the NHL Flyers pulled big, noisy crowds all winter, there is now only the sound of raindrops leaking down on some of the 15,000-plus seats and the whisper of wings as pigeons soar past the blacked-out scoreboard. It is gloomy, all right.

But that is nothing compared to the shroud that has fallen over the Philadelphia sports fan this week as he looks on glum and helpless while his basketball and hockey teams—potential champions both—charge into the most frenzied and profitable moments of their seasons without a roof to call their own. The 76ers are holding their home playoffs in the church-basement atmosphere of Convention Hall (circa 1931) or Penn's Palestra. The team has lost \$100,000 since the Spectrum closed, and it will sue—somebody. Meanwhile the Flyers, the probable losers of \$400,000 or so, but insured, are completing their first-year charge to the alien ice of New York and Quebec City.

All of this chaos springs from an ill wind that blew off the roof of the Spectrum and ultimately whipped up a ruinous tempest involving 1) a brash and maybe bankrupt millionaire, 2) a 35-year-old personal feud between two old-line Philadelphia giants and 3) a political struggle between a desperately worried Democratic mayor and an intense young Republican district attorney. The 76ers and the Flyers, innocent vic-

tims both, find themselves dangling among the structural mediocrities of the Spectrum, a plethora of controversial personalities and some kick-'em-in-the-gut political infighting.

The Spectrum was built by the whiz-kid millionaire-owner of the Philadelphia Eagles, 41-year-old Jerry Wolman. The city had been hocking for 25 years about putting up a new indoor stadium, but Wolman was accustomed to much swifter results. In early 1966 he promised that he would fling up an arena in just 16 months. In fact, it had to be com-

pleted by September 1967 or Philadelphia would lose its bid for a new NHL franchise. The deal was that the city would donate six acres of land, Wolman would underwrite construction and, when the Spectrum was completed, title for the building would go to the city, with Wolman's enterprises renting the place for 50 years at \$15,000 a year.

Unfortunately, Wolman began to run out of money before the Spectrum was finished. Even now the interior walls are raw cement, because there is no money to paint them. To save some cash, Wol-



With part of the Spectrum's roof gone, men stand on its inner ceiling to assess damage.

man had to get a building-code variance (perfectly legal) on the roofing material, but when the place opened the roof leaked. There is a paucity of lavatories, no clocks and no lobby. Nonetheless, the Spectrum was finished on time, Philadelphia did get its hockey team and everyone agreed that, despite its Spartan decor, the new arena was a splendid place to watch indoor spectaculars.

Then came the black afternoon of February 17. About 1:45 p.m. a happy crowd of 11,000 was settling down in the Spectrum's comely burnt-orange seats to see the *Ice Capades*. A fierce gale was blowing that day, and suddenly it gusted with such force that it created a vacuum across the 100,000-square-foot expanse of roof. The laws of physics being what they are, a large segment of roof covering was sucked up and sent flapping down to the parking lot. Inside, the horrified crowd heard a thunderous roar, and suddenly there was light through the inner metal skin of the ceiling. Immediately, perhaps while the roof was still in the air, the *Ice Capades* band struck up a tune to calm the crowd: *Off We Go into the Wild Blue Yonder*. There was no panic as the people filed out.

Later everyone agreed that a patch on the roof should suffice for the time being and, after a short shutdown, the Spectrum was back in business. But the patch did not suffice, and on the morning of March 1 that South Philly devil wind tore off some more roofing. This time Mayor James H. J. Tate himself came out from City Hall, clambered cautiously up the steel ladders to the roof, surveyed the damage and descended—crimson-faced and puffing—to announce that the Spectrum was closed for repairs. Indefinitely.

Even the most fanatic of Philadelphia sports followers agreed that it was in the public interest to close the Spectrum until the roof was fixed. But how long does it take to fix a roof? Maybe 10 days, except when it becomes a politically oriented roof. That kind can take months.

Even a man as soft-spoken as Jack Ramsay, the general manager of the 76ers, has finally gotten angry over City Hall's vacillations. "It would seem to me," he said last week, attempting to be as tactful as possible, "that we have had an unusual and unaccountable delay in making progress." But a lot of Philadelphians suggest that the delay isn't all that unaccountable.

For example, it is generally agreed that a significant cause of the Spectrum's postgame problems is that responsible old Republican newspaper, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, which began editorializing for a shutdown immediately after the first blow-off. Righteous concern? A courageous crusade for safety? Absolutely. But many observers of the City of Brotherly Love also see behind those *Inquirer* editorials the flames of a delicious old feud between two major-league Philadelphians—Walter Annenberg, the passionately Republican publisher of the *Inquirer*, and Matthew McCloskey, fervent Democrat, former Ambassador to Ireland and multimillionaire contractor whose firm put up the Spectrum. Bad blood between the two dates back to the Roosevelt days, when McCloskey was an enormously successful fund-raiser for F.D.R. and the Annenberg papers were savage critics of Roosevelt. Ever since, the *Inquirer* has been quick to assail most anything associated with Old Matt.

It has had quite a few opportunities. In 1964 McCloskey's firm was sued by the Federal Government for faulty work in a Boston VA hospital. In 1965 McCloskey pulled black headlines during the Senate's investigation into Bobby Baker's deals when he was accused of making a party payoff in return for the D.C. Stadium contract. And it was McCloskey's firm that put up the highest-priced Washington white elephant of them all—the \$87 million Rayburn Building on Capitol Hill.

Whatever its basic motive, that first *Inquirer* editorial drew little reaction. But when parts of the Spectrum roof flipped again on March 1, Mayor Tate had no choice: a shutdown was necessary. In addition, given the early *Inquirer* editorial, it was clear that, since he was a Democrat anyway, Tate just might face public assassination by newspaper if he took any hasty action. As a result, Tate insisted that the highbrow scientists of the Franklin Institute must test, test and retest—partly in a wind tunnel—any new roofing proposal for the Spectrum.

It was at about this point that Arlen Specter, the city's Republican district attorney and an extremely serious-minded young politician, entered the Spectrum picture. Not so coincidentally, Specter had been beaten—by a scant 11,000 votes—by Mayor Tate in a bitter election campaign last November, and it does not take a Ph.D. in po-

litical science to guess that in Philadelphia what is poison for James Tate is sugar-rock candy for Arlen Specter.

When the roof went the second time Specter reached for the candy. He sent his own investigators to the scene, probing and prodding for skulduggery. He knew that both Wolman and McCloskey had contributed nicely to Tate's campaign, and there is always grist for the political treadmill in such a situation. Eventually the district attorney discovered that 1) the Spectrum did not have the proper building permits when it was under construction, and 2) it did not—and does not today—have the necessary permit to occupy the building. This did not conform to the letter of the law not at all, and there were headlines. Specter hinted at sinister doings at City Hall. More headlines. Specter said a dangerously slipshod inspection job might have been done at the Spectrum, and he said lie-detector tests might be a grand idea. Many, many more headlines.

At this point the Spectrum management quite properly reminded Philadelphia that the job had been rushed—with everyone's knowledge—to assure the NHL franchise. "If we'd followed every damn semicolon," said Hal Freeman, president of the Spectrum, "it would have taken three years to finish the place. Everyone knew there would be shortcuts. But we've passed every inspection required, as far as I know."

Nevertheless, if Mayor Tate had been proceeding with careful deliberation before Specter's revelations, he now went into a state of all-but-paralyzed caution. And thus, although workmen began pulling off the Spectrum roof for replacement last week, there was still a most intricate technical—and political—question at City Hall about precisely what kind of metal fasteners should be used, if any, to hold down the surface. That, too, was up to the Franklin Institute, and though it has no practical horses to shoe, it does have an admirable scientific reputation to protect and could scarcely be expected to hurry its decision.

So there stands the Spectrum—dormant. And there play the 76ers and the Flyers—elsewhere. And there suffer thousands of Philadelphia fans—locked out. True, the gales still blow strong across the flats, but the suspicion is rising that the windiest ills of all in the Spectrum affair are those from the caves of politicians.

END

After You, My Dear Mohamed

"Qu'il vente, qu'il pleuve ou qu'il fasse beau," said Gaston Roelants, the Belgian runner, "la victoire ne pourrait pas m'échapper." Which means, wind, rain or shine ain't nobody going to beat me. Roelants holds the world record in the 3,000-meter steeplechase and the 20-km. and one-hour runs, and he was talking about the 55th International Cross-Country Championship, which he had won twice before and which this year was contested at a horse track outside Tunis. The 7.5-mile course was a dilly: nearly four loops of the track, interspersed with three forays through the infield—one diagonal and two figure eights—over a series of redoubtable mounds, hurdles and fences that are normally traversed by horses. On the day of the race it turned up shine, but the overconfident Roelants limped home 31st. He came a cropper when, almost halfway, he severely bruised his left heel leaping from a three-foot-high barrier. Appropriately, this left the race to Sergeant Mohamed Gammoudi of the Tunisian army, a silver medalist behind Billy Mills in the 10,000-meter run at the Tokyo Olympics. Cheered on by his countrymen, Gammoudi flung up his right arm 50 yards from the finish end, waving to the emotional crowd, beat Ron Hill of England to the tape.



At the start, 157 runners representing 15 nations are off in a stampede. Favored Roelants is in the middle. Winner Gammoudi is far left.

Roelants (below) struggles over an infield barrier and (right) momentarily drops out of the race in order to massage his injured foot.





Early in the race Ron Hill of England, which won the team title, leads the pack over the hurdles and across the flower-strewn infield.



Razlurous Gamoudi sports a beret embroidered with the date of the race as he is congratulated after winning in a splendid 38:25.4.



IS SCHOLLANDER A SWIMMER?



The answer, Don says, is no, although he won four gold medals in the Tokyo Olympics and may win as many in Mexico **by GILBERT ROGIN**

The photograph on the facing page was conceived by Don Schollander, who is best known for winning four gold medals in swimming in the 1964 Olympics. He is in the foreground, family angelic and, as was his intention, "somewhat pensive", below him is the Kipthuth Exhibition Pool at Yale, where he is a senior majoring in economics. Schollander hoped that the photograph might be, as it were, a true exordium to the story—one of his courses this semester is History of American Oratory. For example, in this regard he feels that the illustrations in a 1966 cover story on him in *GQ Campus & Career Annual* were not particularly relevant. "They had a real fetish about me standing behind gates," he says.

He is, however, pleased by his photograph (below, right) in the current issue of the *Yale Alumni Magazine*. This is a mild put-on of the hallowed Yale fence picture (above, right), since 1876 captains of Yale teams have had their pictures taken while perched in identical, solemn poses atop a section of fence that bordered the Old Campus. These portraits are shot in a disused bowling alley, against a rather ineptly executed backdrop of the Old Campus in its heyday. Schollander, who is captain of the swimming team, didn't show up when the 1967-68 fence pictures were taken; that night he went to see a film of Yale's 56-15 win over Oartsmouth in football last year. This doesn't signify any lack of reverence for Yale or its institutions, Schollander would call it a value judgment.

In the *Yale Alumni Magazine*, Schollander is portrayed in his bathing suit, but without the traditional letter sweater, standing broodingly before the fence. The photograph reveals, in addition, two waste cans, a drinking fountain and a light cord.

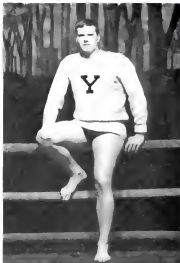
"I want to get a little highlight off that golden hair," said Joel Katz, the photographer, when he was setting up the picture. "Wahl Grandeur!"

"This idea really appeals to me," said Schollander. "To show what the Yale fence scene really is."

The first glimmering of our picture came to Schollander one recent evening when he opened, as he says, "a door I didn't know was there." Once on the other side, he found himself high above the Ex' Pool. "It was fairly dark," he recalls. "The overhead lights were off, but the underwater lights were on, and the pool looked so far away. What stood out were the small red exit lights. It gave me a cool feeling."

Schollander believes that the scene symbolizes his life at this moment. First, he points out the great distance between himself and the pool. Although Schollander is the premier swimmer of the decade, he says, "I don't call my-

overland



PUT-ON of hallowed Yale fence picture, for which team captains have somberly posed since 1876 (above, Doug Kennedy, last year's swimming captain), involves a mock-serious Schollander



self a swimmer at all. I'm a person who happens to swim." Moreover, he doesn't care to estimate just how important swimming is to him. "It would look silly in quotes," he says. "Swimming is 1/42nd of my life." I don't sit around and talk about swimmers. I don't room with swimmers. I don't keep a workout diary or read swimming magazines. I wouldn't write out my splits." When Schollander was 15, George Hanes, the coach of the Santa Clara (Calif.) Swim Club, wanted him to keep an aqualog. "On each page there were little words of inspiration and what not," Schollander recalls. "I told George I didn't want to live swimming 24 hours a day." Not long ago Hanes, who still coaches Schollander during the summer, advised him to take this semester off to prepare for the Olympics, in which he is expected to win at least three gold medals—in the 200-meter freestyle and the 4 x 100 and 4 x 200 freestyle relays. He declined.

Schollander doesn't want to be regarded as a student-athlete, either. "I don't let studies or swimming interfere with my dates or having fun," he says. "Why should they? If I want to go out on Friday night, I go out on Friday night. I feel some people make themselves into special people. I'm thinking of a certain person who attended another Ivy League school. He gave the impression that he was strictly a student-athlete. That was his value standard. I'm not going to judge it, but I've thought about how I want to live my life and I have come up with a different plan. For instance, I think I'm more socially oriented than most of the people you see around Yale. By nature I'm sort of a social animal."

On the wall of the barroom in the warren of rooms Schollander shares with 11 fellow seniors in Yale's Berkeley College there is a plaque upon which is written: Purple Heart Concession. It is further inscribed with the signatures of all the roommates and the motto *Runus Auditorium*—dog Latin for "Stick it in your ear." "It all has to do with the number of dates you've had," Schollander explains. "Or, rather, valiant efforts." There are gold stars alongside two of the signatures—those of Schollander and his closest friend, Duke Savage.

When Schollander speaks of "fun" he means, among other things, walking in the woods or simply sitting on a beach. "But with a date," he says. "Not six

guys tramping through the forest. I have a somewhat romantic side, but it's not *thru* bug." Schollander drinks sparingly and has never smoked or tried drugs. "Some people think I'm square," he says. "That's just too bad. You can't spend all your time worrying what people think of you. I have been assigned a public image. It is the golden, average, all-American boy who is polite to reporters and fairly humble. You can't walk up to people and say, 'Hey, you don't know me.'"

In our photograph Schollander is deliberately seated by himself in the gallery. By this pose, his solitude, mood, the rather melancholy prospect, he intends to convey that he is greatly given to reflection. "I'm very introspective," he says. "I think that's true of all college kids today. We're a very pampered generation. When we grew up everything was given to us. We've been afforded the luxury of being introspective. We aren't as impressed with 'making it.' I'm certainly not a spokesman for my generation, but what's going on with today's youth is the concept of helping others—humanitarianism. We're worried about idealism, more lofty things."

"For example, I'm quite interested in doing extremely well financially in a relatively short time. I'm not money-hungry, but what I want to do is become financially secure so I can become more fully motivated to higher things in life—social good, humanitarian values. It is possible to help yourself and society at the same time. For example, there may be a way of building really low-cost housing in ghettos, improving conditions, helping people and, at the same time, helping yourself. I want to become a true entrepreneur—but as a humanitarian, not a philanthropist. Unfortunately, I'm not *thru* altruistic."

A couple of years ago Schollander was greatly distressed by a story on him which appeared in *The New York Times*. In it he was quoted as saying, "The main thing I want out of life is to be happy." "Isn't that assume?" Schollander said the other day while having coffee in Berkeley College's great dining hall. "It's really naive. Of course, the most important thing in life is happiness, but in the Aristotelian sense—living the 'good life,' providing for yourself, your family, doing some humanitarian good."

Farther on in the *Times* piece Schollander said that if he had pursued an

early interest in medicine he wouldn't have been able to start his career until his 30s. He is then quoted: "Gone would have been the best years of my life."

"Isn't that a terrible sentence?" Schollander said. "'Gone. Would. Have. Been. The. Best. Years. Of. My. Life.' It's ridiculous. There's no such thing as 'best years.' The best years may be when you're a little boy playing cowboy."

"What about the future?" he went on. "This is the crux. Before you decide how you want to live your life, you must look at yourself and *attempt* to know yourself. I look at myself as a person who's trying to develop as an individual. It's been important to me throughout my life to be much more than a student, to be much more than an athlete, to be much more than anything. This is consistent with my philosophy of the well-rounded, but not necessarily Renaissance, man. I'm proficient in the academic side, the athletic side and the social side. I'm not proficient in the arts—music, painting, sculpture. Unfortunately, I don't have time to go to more plays, take in concerts. I'm always on the go. I think I have a very active mind. I don't feel I do total justice to anything."

Besides being captain of the swimming team, Schollander is one of two senior student directors of the Yale Co-op (until his recent resignation, the other was Casey Murrow, son of the late Edward R. Murrow); a member of the Aurelian Society, which he describes as "an honor society for the 20 most outstanding seniors—supposedly"; a member of Skull and Bones, the secret society; and a member of DKE, of which he was formerly secretary-treasurer.

"The person who is just an athlete or just a student has a very hollow life," Schollander said. "After college what has he to turn to? Next year swimming won't even be in my life. There is much more to life than swimming. There are greater challenges in life than swimming presents."

Which brings up yet another aspect of the photograph on page 24. Schollander believes that it delineates a boy (or man) nearing the end of a certain way of life. "I'm sort of on the downhill slide," he says. "I'm approaching the end of a career. I am sitting up here in the dark above the pool, reviewing my life in swimming, like an old man in his last days might reflect on a life which

is ending. Next year, when I'm no longer swimming, I know I will come back and look at this pool. In Tokyo, after the Olympics, I went back to the empty pool by myself and looked at it."

Schollander made his name in swimming in 1962, when he was 16, equaling the world record in the 200-meter free style to record, which, over the years, he has improved a dozen times) and setting a U.S. record in the 440-yard free, in addition, he finished first in the 200 and second in the 400-meter free in the AAU national outdoor championships and came in third in both the 220-yard and 1,500-meter free at the indoor nationals.

These early performances illustrate the unique aspects of his career. Most notably, six years later, Schollander still holds the world record in the 200, having bettered it by 1.5 seconds in 1967. Nowadays competitive swimmers flourish little longer than mayflies, and Schollander's reign in this and, indeed, in other events is unrivaled. So is his success at such disparate distances as 200 (and, from 1964 on, 100) and 1,500 meters. This is on the order of Jim Ryun winning the 100-yard dash as well as the mile. Schollander's somewhat poorer performances indoors are not a reflection of his ability but, for the most part, a consequence of his size. He is 5' 11", while the majority of swimmers, particularly sprinters, are well over six feet, so they are farther out at the start and on the turns, and, in effect, they swim less yardage, this is of particular advantage indoors where competition is held in a 25-yard rather than a 50-meter pool. As Phil Moriarty, the Yale coach, says, "Given two Schollanders, Big Don is going to beat Little Don every time."

In 1963 Schollander won both the 200 and 400 in the outdoor nationals and was second in the 400 at the Pan American Games. In 1964 he held U.S. records in the 200-yard, 200-meter, 400-meter and 500-yard free and a U.S. citizen's record in the 800-meter free, was first in the 100, 200 and 400 in the outdoor nationals, establishing a world record in the 200, and, of course, in the Olympics was the first since Jesse Owens to win four gold medals, taking the 100 and 400 and being a member of the winning 4 x 100 and 4 x 200 freestyle relay teams. For these feats he was voted the World's Best Athlete of 1964, got the Sullivan Award and the Grand Award of

Sports Illustrated named Athlete of the Year by the AP. The last gave him especial pleasure, since he beat out such pros as Johnny Unitas and Dean Caince.

In 1965, despite having been laid up with mononucleosis, Schollander won the 200 at the indoor nationals. In 1966 he won the 100, 200 and 400 at the outdoor nationals, breaking his world record in the 400 for the third time. Last year he won the 200 at the Pan American Games and the 100 and 200 at both the outdoor nationals and the Little Olympics in Mexico City.

Schollander, who classifies himself as "a first maker," gives four reasons for his conspicuous success in swimming: 1) mental attitude, 2) competitiveness, 3) technique and 4) tactical sense. He has already described No. 1. In regard to No. 2 he says, "I'm extremely competitive, particularly in the world of sport. If you see a paradox, it's not there. I'm competitive within a small framework, in that while I'm in the race I try as hard as I possibly can, but I won't train eight hours a day and I'm not on the block saying, 'I've got to win, I've got to win, I've got to win.'" Adds Phil Moriarty, whom Schollander calls "the conceptualization" of an Ivy League coach: "He's a natural winner. He doesn't like to lose a conversation." Schollander's technique is nearly flawless stroke, start and turns. "People say I have 'the most efficient stroke,'" he says, "the best-looking stroke," "the most classical stroke." I wasn't trying for beauty. It just came out that way." Says Moriarty, who has been head coach at Yale since 1959 and before that assisted the renowned Bob Kipphut for 27 years, "His stroke is flawless. Every other swimmer I've worked with had a flaw. With legs only, he does as well as anyone, and he has combined this so well with his stroke that he is a one-motored man. Many swimmers are two-motored, in that they don't synchronize their stroke and kick. As a coach, all I can do is observe him and tell him when he's going off pattern, keep him busy, give him a program. With Don Schollander I feel like I'm training a racehorse. How can I communicate with a horse? How can I tell Don Schollander to get ready for a race? He won four gold medals."

Finally, Schollander says, "I have a very good tactical sense. There is a great deal of strategy in swimming that no



SCHOLLANDER USES KICKBOARD AT YALE

one is aware of, particularly from the 200 on up. You have to make out a race plan, try to figure what your opponents are going to do, what you want to do—go out way ahead, stay with them, move in the middle or blast at the end."

It is, in effect, an axiom of swimming that you don't pace a 100. Schollander does. "I don't have the natural speed," he says. "Going into the Olympics I had the fifth best time, but I won. Last year, in the outdoor nationals, I had the third fastest time, but I won and the world record holder came in fourth. I have the middle-distance temperament. I'm more relaxed. As a breed, sprinters are nervous and jumpy."

His main competitor in the 100 (and the 200) at the Little Olympics was Leonid Ilyachyev of Russia. The Russians had been at Mexico City for five weeks and had been in training all summer, Schollander had worked out for only four weeks. "In the heats and semis I did very fast times during the second half of my race," he says. "This was intentional. What I hoped was that if in the final I went out fast, I'd be so close to them I'd psych them out. It worked very

continued

well. I was fourth at the turn but right with them. The boys on either side of me were affected.

"My next event was the 200. I didn't know any way I could win that thing. I couldn't go out fast because of the altitude. I couldn't come back fast because I was in no condition. The Russian's strategy was to take it out fast, but the altitude killed him. At the 100 he was only a body length ahead. He had made a tactical error, and I beat him on the third turn."

Schollander is a master at psyching his opponents. Of course, his very presence on the block has an unnerving effect. Furthermore, he may make little remarks which are calculated, as he says, "to be somewhat upsetting to an opponent. Some are naive like, 'I feel great. Boy, I'm going to have a good time.' Some are more sophisticated, like, 'God, I was watching your start. It's really interesting. I noticed that you start kicking before you get in the water. Doesn't it slow you down?'"

With each passing year Schollander finds it increasingly difficult to psych himself up, particularly for practice, although he has never been known to bag, or loaf through, a workout. "I was tempted to quit swimming after 1964," he recalls. "The chances were extremely great I would never be as good. 'Why not quit?' I asked myself, 'Go out in style.'" He didn't, because, as he says, "I enjoy swimming. Moreover, you don't retire from something at 18. Many swimmers do quit young. Physically they become tired. Swimming is very demanding physically. And they may become tired psychologically."

"Last year, in the outdoor nationals, I came in fifth in the 400. Schollander's Career Turns Corner, said the newspapers. 'So what?' I said. I wasn't very discouraged. I try to win, but what the hell. I've won so many times. I've proved to the world and myself that I'm good. You can't lose with a philosophy like that. The stupid reporters thought I'd be crushed. The next day I broke the world record for the 200. It was a great delight. See, sportswriters, this is for you."

"But to take time out for the 1968 Olympics, this bothers me. What I'm trying to do, I guess, is to remain in the top stratum of a sport such as swimming for a period of more than a few years, because no American swimmer has done it in modern times. I enjoy

doing things people don't think I can do, proving them wrong. I like the individual challenge. I like everything to depend upon me. In high school I was an All-America in water polo, but it's a team sport. I'd get two strokes on a man and wouldn't get the pass."

"Of course, I don't necessarily have to remain at the top. Whether I am the best swimmer isn't that important, but I really would be crushed if I didn't make the Olympic team. Oh, boy, would I! However, nobody's within two seconds of me in the 200. That's my baby. Inwardly I feel I own it. I've gone 1:55.7, the second best is 1:57.6, something like that. I don't even know. For me, times in swimming are irrelevant, records are irrelevant. I'm not one of those guys who look back at their age-group records and say, 'Gee, no one's ever beaten my 14-year-old record.' I held the 400-meter world record for three years: 4:11 something—I don't even know. The world record I don't even know—4:07, 4:08 or something. Of course, I realize that if I am going to stay on top, I can't be preoccupied with times, for psychologically your frame of reference can be set. My goal may be two minutes. Some youngster's goal may be 1:57. He doesn't know any better. He's not afraid to go fast. My feeling about times is to some extent a defense mechanism. But I know I'm definitely faster than I used to be. I know I'm stronger. The repeat times I've been doing in workouts are the best of my life. I'm improving, but the question is, am I improving as fast as the others are?"

"Once you get on top, there is terrific pressure to stay there. I'm not so much swimming to win now but not to lose. I can't win. If I do, they say, 'Well, that's expected.' If I lose, they say, 'Well, after all, he's had his years at the top and it's time for him to lose.' It's human nature to root for the underdog, a recent example, the Boston Red Sox. The poor guys on the St. Louis team couldn't win for much the same reason. With the exception of those from St. Louis, I think I was the only one at Yale rooting for the Cards. I empathized with them."

Donald Arthur Schollander, named after an uncle killed in the Battle of the Bulge, was born prematurely in Charlotte, N.C. on April 30, 1946. After the Olympics, when he became celebrated, Dr. Wallace Bradford, who delivered

him, wrote his parents, "I have known Don longer than anyone else in the world." Schollander was supposed to be a girl. In fact, as his mother, the former Marthadent Perry, relates, "Everybody would come up to his carriage, see his blond curly hair and say, 'What a pretty little girl!' Don will hate me for this."

Schollander is pronounced show-lan-der and is Swedish for beautiful country. The name was chosen by Don's great-grandfather, Alfred Schollander, who died a few years ago at the age of 107. He was born a Johansson, but when he went to college in Stockholm there were so many Johanssons. . . . Don is amused by the notion of multitudes of Swedes, *real* Schollanders, erroneously basking in reflected glory.

Don Schollander's family is thick with ex-athletes. Uncle Newton Perry, now a school principal in Ocala, Fla., was an All-Southern tackle at Ocala High, Southern diving champion at the University of Florida, where he was captain of the swimming team for three years, and a state wrestling champion; he was also picked by Grantland Rice as "the All-American swimmer." Don's father, Wendell L. Schollander, who is agency supervisor of production for northern Florida for the St. Paul Insurance Companies, was an All-America halfback at Fargo (N. Dak.) High and an honorable mention All-America at North Dakota State. Wendell L. Schollander Jr., Don's brother, who is getting his master's from the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania, was an all-state football player at Lake Oswego (Ore.) High and got his letter in wrestling at Penn.

Marthadent comes from Adel, Ga., which her husband terms the Sour Pickle Capital of the Southeast, and is a *cum laude* graduate of Florida State College for Women, where she belonged to the first synchronized swim club in the U.S. In Silver Springs, near Ocala, where a number of movie swimming scenes were once shot, she doubled for Maureen O'Sullivan in three or four Tarzan films. "Maureen never even came to Silver Springs, let alone went into the water," says Marthadent.

If Don Schollander is asked where he comes from he replies that he is not from anyplace. When he was a year old, his family moved to Wichita, Kans.; when he was 5 they went to San Fran-

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cisco, then Berkeley, Calif. for two years, he lived in Lake Oswego from the time he was 7 until he was 15, when he went alone to Santa Clara to be coached by George Haanes, his mother and father now reside in Jacksonville, Fla. Don was recently selected by the local Javkees as the Outstanding Young Man of the Year in Jacksonville. "I wonder exactly what my qualifications are?" he says. "I've only been in the state... what, two days?"

The most consequential of his moves was, of course, to Santa Clara. At the time he was very fond of football, but his father pointed out that he had "a competitive advantage in swimming." "I think many swimmers are lost because their parents push them too hard," he says. "I think mine were just the right blend. They didn't have to push me—I was already interested. Maybe other people felt they were too interested, but I never had that feeling. At the Olympics it was reported that I locked myself in my room and cried when I wasn't put in the medley relay and didn't get a fifth gold medal. This is absolutely untrue. The report made me out to be like a spoiled baby with a stage mother, which wasn't the case at all. It was all blown out of proportion. My mother and father were more disappointed than I was, but that's natural for parents."

Since Schollander has been at Yale the swimming team has not lost a dual meet; they have lost only 15 in the last 50 years. "It's sort of a putsy league," Schollander said the other day. "The dual meets are of no consequence. I don't even know who we're swimming next Wednesday or whether it's away or at home. I should know. I'm the captain."

Schollander's chief contribution as captain has been to revamp the workouts, principally by instituting circle training, instead of swimmers going off in successive waves; the whole team is in the water at the same time swimming in ellipses within the lane markers. Nonetheless, Yale's daily workouts consist of merely 4,500 yards, compared say, to USC's 8,000. This is because Yale practices for only an hour and a half a day, while USC, Indiana and Stanford, its main rivals in the NCAA championships being contested at Dartmouth this week, spend from 2½ to four hours a day in the water. "If you're really interested in swimming," says Schollander, "Yale is not the place for you."

In his capacity as captain, Schollander

occasionally addresses the swimming team. "It's not too important what you say," he explains, "but just to be talking in terms of a goal serves the purpose of recharging them." Yale's goal this year is winning the NCAA's but its chances are slight since it will probably be shut out in the dives, where Indiana may get as many as 80 points.

Schollander will graduate in June 1969, he didn't enter Yale until January 1965 on account of the Tokyo Olympics, and he will be taking next semester off because of the Mexico City Olympics. If he isn't drafted (he may be 4F since he has had atopic eczema since he was 2), he hopes to become "financially secure" in either finance, banking, investment banking or the brokerage business. "I think that regardless of what swimming has done for me, I'll make it on my own," he says. "I don't try to trade on my name; I don't have it either. But within two years the name wears off, and if you're handling money for a client he doesn't give a damn who you are. Of course, I'm sure the door will be opened for me."

During his first two years at Yale Schollander had a C+ to B- average, since then his grades have improved, and last semester he got an Honors, three High Passes and a Pass under the new Yale

system of grading, equivalent to a B+ average. In addition to History of American Oratory, this semester he is taking Theory of Income Determination and Monetary and Fiscal Policy, American Economic History and seminars in Human Nature and Culture and in Fiscal and Monetary Policy.

Appropriately enough, Schollander's bedroom in Berkeley College overlooks Wall Street, and it is remarkably neat. "All his life Don has been a very neat boy," says Marthadent. "He always has bought all his clothes and everything matches. If he weren't an outstanding athlete, you might think he was a sissy. The hangers in his closet all have to be the same way and spaced equally. He hangs up his clothes carefully. The socks are separated and even his underwear is folded. I pity the girl he marries."

"I don't fold my underwear," says Schollander, "but I do pity the girl I'll marry."

The most noteworthy object in Schollander's room is a small refrigerator door. Next to the handle, from which Schollander's umbrella hangs, is the legend: To Denote Grasp and Pull. The door is further decorated with a painting of a military man and the inscription: Comdi Pierre Natchez-Halle says, "In The Land Of Punt."

Continued



ROOMMATES HELM (LEFT) AND SAVAGE PLAY PRO FOOTBALL GAME WITH SCHOLLANDER



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SCHOLLANDER

The Word Work Is Worth Little

The door once belonged to the Punt Club, as the former occupants of the suite of rooms two flights above Schollander's called themselves. "People regard us as a Junior Punt Club," says Schollander, "but we're a much more serious group." Indeed, six of Schollander's roommates are going to medical school next year, two to Harvard and one to Yale, and two have been accepted at law school, one at Harvard.

Among the wall decorations in Schollander's room are three psychedelic posters, a painting, which presumably depicts the New York skyline and which Schollander describes as "a Macy's \$15 special"; and what he calls, "two sort of neat pictures from magazines." One is reddish and depicts the moon or sun rising in clouds, the other is an aerial view of New York. "I'm really fascinated by New York," he says, "It would be sort of a cool place to start out, even if it wasn't the financial center."

There is, besides, a note pinned to his door reminding him to take his wheat-germ oil, and a clipping attached to his lamp shade, which he says was put up by one of his dates. It reads: *Unit For Reproduction.*

One afternoon earlier in March, Duke Savage, Schollander's best friend, was in the Blue Room, typing an English paper. The Blue Room is one of the two living rooms in the suite; it is adorned with what appear to be beardsley drawings, but are in fact copies done by Bob Anderson, one of Schollander's roommates, two stone lions, which, Schollander says, came from Vassar and are "being borrowed, sort of"; and a mounted buffalo head. "It has no significance," he says. "We bought it for \$5 or \$10. It came with a speaker we wanted."

"I'm amazed at the way Scholls has adjusted," Savage said. "He's had to come down and get along with people who haven't won four gold medals. He really tries to be a normal person, to get back into the masses, and he succeeds at it. He tries to stay on top as a man, not as a swimmer. He was a legend before he got here. I'm sure there were people waiting to see whether he could do the work. He was an exceptional athlete, but there were people here who were just as good at other things. Bob [Anderson] is a great painter. Greg [Gallio, another roommate] is a great

biochemist. They're all damn good men. Scholls respects Bob as much for his painting as Bob respects him for his swimming. Scholls thinks it's really cool that so many of his roommates are exceptional in one way or another."

"It's really been good for him to live in a group like this," said Anderson, who had come in with another of the roommates, Bob Revner. "It's given him a chance to be closely associated with people of his choice. It's given him a sense of permanence."

"I've never seen him swim," said Revner. "It might be important to him."

"At a Smith mixer a girl asked him if he played any sports," Savage said. "Yeah, I swim," he said."

"I could tell you my theory on getting to know people," said Andy Garling, also a roommate, joining the group. "We have a human quantum of energy for making interpersonal relationships. A lot of people can set up a schema for meeting people, but he decipheres meaningless people from meaningful people. He has a faculty to get into the meat of people quickly."

"True, but how did I fail with you?" said Schollander, entering.

"He asked to come along when I was doing a study on the hippies in New York..." Garling said.

"The hippies are extremely interesting," Schollander said. "They're really a good influence on our culture, the hippies on one side have a gravitational force, if you try to understand them, you get a better perspective on life."

"It was the first time I noticed his incisive remarks," Garling continued, "the ease with which he picks out people. He has a formidable amount of accuracy. I bought a stock and he bought shorts on it. The stock went down."

"But did it ever," said Schollander. "It got to be a fairly embittered point," said Garling.

"Scholls knows himself pretty well," Savage said. "I don't think there's a whole lot to say about him. He is always happy and I think he's one of the most interesting people I know, even though he's a stupid jock."

"Remember, I typed up what all you guys are supposed to say about me," said Schollander.

Kennedy Helm, yet another roommate, wandered in. "The first time I met him," he said, "he'd been washing some socks in a tub and the water had

overflowed and was running down the hall. He reacted so much like any other guy. I felt he was really trying to be a freshman at Yale. He's really good at separating his worlds. He doesn't bring swimming up unless you ask him, and obviously he enjoys talking about it. All those awards he gets. He doesn't come in and announce them."

"I think of him more for his economics," said Bob Reiser.

"Last year, when we were taking an introductory econ course, he explained things to us," Helm said. "That makes him a magician."

"We never wake Schollis up," said Anderson. "And if we think of it, we're quiet for someone taking organic chemistry."

Said Schollander, "Lots of times, if there's a phone call for me, they're too lazy to wake me up."

On a recent Saturday, Yale was swimming Dartmouth at Hanover, and Schollander was entered in the 1,000 and the 500. Before the 1,000, which was his first event, he was sitting on the balcony overlooking the pool, reading a story in *The New York Times* about the F-111, the Rauschenberg painting. He had also brought along Galbraith's *The New Industrial State* and a booklet from Goldman, Sachs. There was an overflow crowd for the meet, obviously there to see Schollander. He was asked whether he would try to do a good time for the spectators. "I don't have any responsibility to an audience," he said. "I don't believe any amateur athlete has. We are here to perform for our pleasure."

He won the 1,000 by 3½ laps in a so-so 10:07.36; nonetheless, it was a new Dartmouth pool record and a Yale varsity record, as well, and he was given a prolonged ovation.

"It's the first 1,000 I've ever done," he said minutes later, returning to the balcony. "I didn't know the pace. I swam the first 100 in 55, which is way too fast. The last 200 yards I was really hurting. The last 100 I was cramped up. About lap 28 I was thinking, 'Never again.' It's just too far for me. I was too tired to even swim it off. I'm so tired now that if I went a fast 500 I'd get sick on the bus ride home. I think I'll bathe the 500."

He sat on the edge of the balcony to watch Steve Job and Robin Waples of Yale swim the 50 against Brad Lindblad, the Dartmouth captain. Linde-

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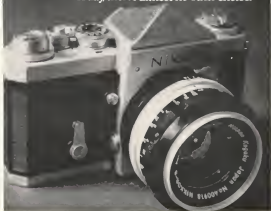


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SCHOLLANDER

blad won, and Job and Wayne learned disconsolate.

"That's really unfair to Job and Wayne," Schollander said. "Lindblad is a great swimmer, but he probably rested all week and peaked for this meet, while we didn't. It's really unfair to..." In fact, I think I'll go talk to them."

When Schollander came back from consoling his teammates he spoke of the imminent 500. "I may not be able to take that baby so easy," he said. "They've got a good man. I may have to go! I'd love to swim against Lindblad. That 50 thing bothers me."

Schollander won the 500 by more than half a lap. He was asked whether he was concerned by the fact that the Dartmouth swimmer had held the lead for a number of laps. "I bagged it," Schollander said. "He wasn't even in the race."

Schollander got up to go down to the pool deck to watch the final event, the 4 x 100 freestyle relay. "We'll talk Monday," he told the members of the team sprawled on the balcony. "Words! Words!" they chanted.

When the meet was over, Schollander said, "Let's give them a yell, you guys." Allen Richardson, a breaststroker who is called Abu, said, "Why don't we go up there for the yell?" He was referring to the balcony. "Because I'm down here," said Schollander.

Somewhat later Schollander was walking alongside The Green on his way to get something to eat. It was below freezing and there was quite a bit of snow on the ground. "I hope it's like this during the NC two A's," he said. "The guys from the West Coast won't believe it." Snow, too, was being blown about a great ice and snow statue, 35 feet high, representing a prospector, which had been left over from the Winter Carnival. The whirling snow reminded Schollander of the winter when he was 15, at Santa Clara, en route to practice at 6:30 a.m., his bacon and eggs in a thermos.

"The pool was outdoors and lit," he said, "and from far off you could see the steam two stories high. It was like never-neverland. Heaven. You were at one end, the coach at the other. The only way he knew you existed was every 30 seconds you should be coming back."

Almost anyone else would have described the scene as resembling hell, Dante's baleful Gulf of Malebolge. But, as Duke Savage said, Scholls is, exceptionally, a happy man.

END



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But Volvo doesn't just appeal to people who own domestic cars. 30.9% of the people who trade imported cars for Volvos trade in Volkswagens. This isn't surprising either. Volvo has many features that VWs are famous for having, plus one that VWs are famous for not having. Size.

Volvo is a lot bigger than a bug. That's on the outside.

Inside, a Volvo is even bigger than a boat. It has more front legroom than a Cadillac Fleetwood. More rear legroom than a Chevrolet. We know this sounds incredible, but sit for yourself.

All in all, Volvo combines economy, reliability, high resale value and sensible size. Perhaps that accounts for another large group of Volvo buyers. Volvo owners.

More than a third of the imported trade-ins we get on Volvos are Volvos. Which proves at least one thing.

Once a Volvo dealer delights you, you're not likely to become re-imagined.

VOLVO

Understanding the over-the-counter cram course

The over-the-counter market is probably the biggest, and surely the most misunderstood, securities market in America. It has no trading place, no ticker tape (and no "counter"). Yet it offers some 15 times as many different stocks and bonds as all the U.S. stock exchanges combined. Moreover, in 1967, while the Dow-Jones Industrial average of Big Board stocks climbed 15%, its over-the-counter counterpart soared 53.5%, reflecting the greater interest in speculative issues than in blue chips. Read on. See why even the shrewdest investors in this market are particularly dependent on the skill and integrity of their stockbroker. Then write for Merrill Lynch's latest reports on 10 "OTC" stocks.

The over-the-counter market is not a place.

It's a way of doing business. A way of buying and selling securities by negotiation, instead of public auction, as on stock exchanges.

Who negotiates, and how? Dealers and brokers. Some 4,000 of them—linked by a massive telephone and teletype network that stretches from coast to coast and around the world.

What kind of stocks are traded over-the-counter?

All the publicly owned stocks and bonds of all the companies not "listed" on stock exchanges are bought and sold over-the-counter.

About 3,000 stocks are available through the exchanges, compared to an estimated 50,000 on the *unlisted* market.

Over-the-counter securities range all the way from the most volatile penny stocks to the most conservative, gilt-edged Government bonds. Most bank and insurance company stocks are traded over-the-counter. Most corporate and municipal bonds. Most U.S. Government securities. And an uncounted number of utility, industrial, and foreign securities.

Many people assume that if a stock isn't listed on an exchange it somehow hasn't "made the grade."



Write for our free reports on 10 "OTC" stocks.

Not necessarily true. Hundreds of companies which could qualify for listing on an exchange prefer to be traded over-the-counter.

Most important: when the securities of any company are offered to the public for the first time, they are always offered over-the-counter.

If there's an embryonic Xerox or IBM around today—this must be the place.

How do they do?

Last year, as a group, the average of the 35 leading securities that comprise the over-the-counter industrial index did better than the Dow-Jones average of 30 N.Y.S.E. Industrials. (In terms of price appreciation, if not yield.)

American Express nearly doubled. Tecumseh Products did double. So did Kaiser Steel and Automation Industries. In fact, about 800 of some 50,000 over-the-counter stocks had price increases exceeding 100 percent—as compared with fewer than 150 of the nearly 1,600 stocks on the N.Y.S.E.

However, to put the picture in its

proper perspective, we hastily add that many of these stocks that doubled were very low-priced issues of a highly speculative character. Furthermore, a great many unlisted securities suffered losses last year, too.

Merrill Lynch makes an effort to reduce the risks for our customers. Our Research Department confines its suggestions for investment to a few hundred over-the-counter stocks that it considers of good quality. Also, as a matter of policy, we discourage all trading in chancy penny stocks—and refuse to open accounts for the sole purpose of buying them.

What happens when you place an order?

From an investor's point of view, the procedures for buying listed and unlisted securities may seem pretty much the same. But there are differences at the broker's end. Big differences. To try to get the best service and value for your investment dollars, you should understand them.

First, when you ask your broker to buy a *listed* stock, he buys it at public auction on an exchange. You pay the price that prevails for any buyer at a given moment.

All over-the-counter trading, on the other hand, is done by negotiating, bargaining among dealers and brokers. There is no set price at any one time. Indeed, there are frequently wide differences in price between dealers.

Second, when you ask your broker to buy a *listed* stock, he virtually always acts as your agent. He executes your order for you, and charges you a commission.

But in the over-the-counter market many stockbrokers may wear two hats. That of an agent (broker). Or that of a principal, a dealer.

As an agent, your stockbroker scouts the available sources of the stock you want, negotiates the price, and charges you a commission for his efforts.

the-counter market: from Merrill Lynch

As a dealer, he sells the stock to you directly out of his own inventory, either at a profit or a loss, adding a markup above the prevailing market price.

Your stockbroker: the key

Obviously, as an agent, a broker must have facilities enough to be able to check a number of sources, be conscientious enough to do it—and be skilled in ways to negotiate the best price for you.

- Merrill Lynch has the most extensive over-the-counter facilities in the country. We have 65 experienced negotiators (traders) in our New York headquarters alone, plus others in over 20 major centers around the world. They have full use of our 310,000 males of private wire.

- Merrill Lynch's guarantee: when acting as your agent, it is our policy always to check at least three competing dealer markets, if there are that many, to try to get the best price for you.

As a dealer, a stockbroker may assume more importance for investors.

The reason is simple: Tracking down stocks as an agent can take hours—or days. If prices are rising, you can end up paying more because of the delay.

But if your broker can put on a dealer's hat and buy from you or sell to you from his own inventory (called "making a market" in a security), he can often give you a quote and execute your order much more rapidly.

Thus, to a degree, the greater the variety of stocks and bonds in which your broker "makes a market," the better. And the faster he is able to handle your order, the better.

- Merrill Lynch makes a market in about 300 of the most active over-the-counter securities—more than any other brokerage firm dealing with the public.

- Merrill Lynch is the only brokerage firm able to give instant up-to-the-minute price quotes on these 300 active securities. (We do it on a remarkable network of electronic quote machines—for which

we had to invent our own set of over-the-counter stock symbols.)

- Moreover, on most of these securities, most of the time, your Merrill Lynch account executive can execute your order for any amount up to 100 shares immediately at the price quoted on his machine. (Which, in effect, makes us the only broker to "advertise" firm prices on up to 300 stocks—and be willing to back them with on-the-spot executions.)

It is for these reasons that many experienced investors say: When you buy or sell on over-the-counter, be sure to check Merrill Lynch.

How much do brokers charge for over-the-counter transactions?

When acting as agents and charging commissions, brokers can ask varying amounts, depending on the size and complexity of the order, and on their own policies. Many brokers—including Merrill Lynch—charge the equivalent of a minimum N.Y.S.E. commission. Our commission on the purchase or sale of 100 shares of over-the-counter stock worth \$1000: \$17.

When acting as a dealer, a broker may set his markup at whatever he considers a fair and reasonable percentage. Most dealers trade among themselves at "wholesale" or "inside" prices, and with customers at "outside" prices.

Important: The National Association of Securities Dealers, regulatory organization for over-the-counter trading, issues daily reports of "inside" dealer prices for over 1500 securities. These reports are published in major newspapers throughout the country, and pro-

vide a reasonably accurate indication of prevailing markets.

However, over-the-counter investors must rely on their broker's integrity in quoting latest prices, and fairness in taking a reasonable markup.

For the securities in which we make a market, Merrill Lynch quotes the same prices to both dealers and our customers, adding to our customers' bills the equivalent of a minimum N.Y.S.E. commission—our standard retail charge.

How do you know what your broker is charging?

Aye, there's the rub. When acting as agents in over-the-counter transactions, most brokers show the commission they're charging. But, when acting as dealers, most brokerage firms lump the price of your securities and their own charge or markup into one total. That's the total you're billed. That's the total you pay.

Among the very few firms that break the total down into its two parts, we confess, not too sheepishly, is *us*. Our confirmation form now shows exactly how much you're paying for your securities, exactly how much you're paying to Merrill Lynch on your transaction. A nice touch, we think.

Free stock reports

Write for our Research Department's latest bulletin on the outlook for 10 actively traded "OTC" stocks, and for our free illustrated, 16-page "OTC" booklet with more facts on this fascinating market. It's good investment information, yours for the asking.

Investigate—then invest.



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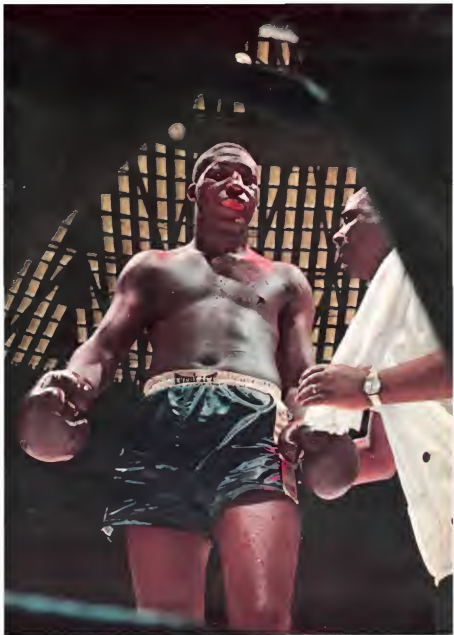
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THE OTHER WORLD OF THE RING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER



Spinning faces and cobweb darkness are all that the fighter, his head twisting from a blow or bobbing on a shoulder, sees. The between-rounds nonsense of cheesecake and placards is not for him, though his eye catches a pretty face, the glint of a bracelet, the layers of drifting smoke. The real world of the fighter is here in the ring's yellow light—the pain and aloneness visible in Leotis Martin (right) and the others on these pages, whose private battles in the WBA tournament were seen—but not seen—by thousands





A brooding figure, Floyd Patterson (above) was fighting from memory under the lights in this ring. His moves were able but were no match for bad officiating. Emotionally and physically drained, Jerry Quarry (right) seemed to be pondering the price of victory.







The corner is a frantic place, a speeding 60-second film. Hands move quickly, over a cut, across a chest. The fighter listens. Oscar Bonavena (left) and Thad Spencer (below) never listened enough, thus losing a sweet moment that belongs to Jimmy Ellis (right).





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NEXT YEAR A DAM WILL BE BUILT IN THIS AREA OF KENTUCKY TO TURN THE RED RIVER GORGE INTO A LAKE THAT FEW PEOPLE WANT

OPERATION BUILD AND DESTROY

by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

With the surrounding country already laid waste by strip miners and timber companies, the resolute Army Corps of Engineers is now poised to move in its forces to inundate the Red River Gorge

There are silver linings even in the dark clouds hovering over Vietnam. If it were not for the expense of the war, jackhammers would now be yammering in a gorge in eastern Kentucky through which flows the North Fork of the Red River. Construction of a dam would have started last month had a reprieve not come with a freeze on government spending for local projects. The river took 60 million years to carve the gorge out of the Cumberland Plateau, and it now has gained another scant year of life. The scheduled start of construction is January 1969.

By building a dam that has no good reason to be built, the Kentucky politicians and the Army Corps of Engineers will turn a unique piece of wilderness



phenomenon occurs in only one other place in the world, and that is along the Colorado River tributaries in Utah.

Because of the 600-foot drop down the walls of the gorge, climatic conditions change abruptly to form in one rather small area what Carl M. Clark, associate agricultural economist at the University of Kentucky, says is the finest botanical garden in the eastern United States. For example, a different type of wildflower blooms every day from late March into November, creating outbursts of shifting colors along the trails, streams and cliffs.

Wild white water rushes between the palisades that rear up high as a 60-story building, and one stretch of the river is strewn with boulders as big as houses. Daniel Boone is believed to have lived in the gorge, a notion that was supported last year when two mountaineers, who are disposed toward secrecy, led forest rangers to a rock shelter under which is a primitive hut that has "D. Boone" scratched on a wood shake shingle.

The Red River breaks into three forks: the South, Middle and North—six miles from the dam site. The South Fork is of little economic significance other than for its timber. The Middle Fork wanders through Natural Bridge State Park, which draws about 300,000 visitors a year, many of them from Lexington, an hour's drive to the west, or from Louisville, another hour farther. The North Fork, where the dam is to be built, courses its rugged gorge near the Mountain Parkway, a toll road that carries speeding motorists close by a place that most of them do not know exists. Except for a few tobacco patches and other crops along wider spaces of the gorge floor, the North Fork has had no real dollar value since the virgin timber was chopped. Nearly 40 years ago the National Forest Service bought much of the gorge for \$3 or less per acre merely to conserve and replace the timber.

From down inside the gorge—where trees once rose 200 feet above the palisade walls with branches so thick as to blot out the sunlight—one gets the impression of being in the mountains rather

than on a plateau that has been sculpted by erosion. "Red River Gorge," wrote Carl Clark, "is a miniature model of Nature's greatest masterpiece of erosion—the Grand Canyon in Arizona." Other than the natural arches, which are called "lighthouses" by the natives, the gorge has many balanced rocks, pinnacle rocks, rock houses and caves. Within 30 square miles, most of it protected by the National Forest Service, is a concentration of most of the types of plant life that can be found in the eastern United States. The vegetation is in such proliferation that scientists will not have time to finish an inventory of it if the dam is built anywhere near on schedule.

Geographically, the Red River Gorge is midway between the North and South of the country. At the top of the plateau the soil conditions in summer are similar to those of the Southwest. At the bottom of the palisades it is shady, cool and damp. Where the valley floor opens, it is humid and hot. Erosion has poured limestone, sandstone and shale onto the river terraces. One result is that nearly all the tree families east of the Rockies are found there. Clark would like to see the gorge become a national sanctuary for research in the natural sciences. "Standing on a high point such as Chimney Top Rock or Sky Bridge," says Clark, "a person has, within one panoramic view, an assembly of . . . botanical life unequalled anywhere in Kentucky and probably the entire United States as far as the total range of it is concerned."

Few, if any, of the bears and panthers that roamed the gorge in Daniel Boone's time remain, although residents talk of bears raiding garbage cans and of hearing panthers wail in the night. But deer and wild turkey have been restocked there, and beaver dams are not difficult to locate. More than 125 species of resident birds and 150 species of transient birds have been counted. The 10 or more tributary streams, fed by cold-water springs, have been stocked with rainbow and speckled trout. In the North Fork are muskie, channel catfish, rock bass, blue gill, largemouth and small-

continued

into a narrow, commonplace lake that will be attractive to few people. A water skier would have trouble making a wide swing on it. The gorge is a natural museum of geological structures, of plant and animal life and—a matter that is important to too few people—a thing of primeval beauty. The proposed dam, said the *Louisville Courier-Journal* in one of its frequent editorials on the subject, is "a boondoggle, pure and simple." Most of the nation is not yet aware of what this boondoggle threatens.

Great castle rock formations tower above the floor of the gorge. More than 20 natural rock arches stand along the palisades of the North Fork. Another 30 are scattered through the surrounding Daniel Boone National Forest. This phe-

mouth bass, crappie and perch, as well as shiners, darters, chubs, shad and dace. More than 20 species of salamanders, seven species of turtles, six species of lizards and 15 kinds of snakes inhabit the gorge.

To see all this, to find these creatures, it is necessary to hike back into the wild country or to travel by canoe through the rough water. However, from look-outs such as Tunnel Ridge, atop the Nada Tunnel, one may peer out across a landscape of hills and ridges and forests, across a country so remote that explorers are still discovering new natural arches and plants. From the top of the ridge there is not a power line in sight, only an occasional string of blue woodsmoke, and the wind sounds like rushing water in the trees. The country is very much as it looked to Daniel Boone and John Swift.

But anyone who wishes to see it should hurry. Sometime next year the river could be rising to transform hills and ridges into the banks of a lake.

The proponents of the \$12 million dam claim it is justifiable for three reasons—flood control, water supply and recreation. There has never been a suggestion of the dam furnishing power. The lake, which would flood 2,100 acres, covering two-thirds of the gorge and destroying more than half of the plant and animal life, will protect from flooding only one-third of the Red River drainage area. The Middle Fork and South Fork and many tributaries will still flood below the dam. There have been 65 floods (most of them minor) on the Red River in 30 years, and of those, eight have occurred from May through October, the planting and harvesting seasons. A dam at the proposed site would lower the level of a major flood, such as that in 1937 at Louisville, by about two inches, according to Corps of Engineers' figures, and would have reduced the damage at Clay City in 1962 by about one-third.

Water storage came very late into the dam question when the State of Kentucky agreed to pay extra money to have the dam built higher to impound water for Lexington, Frankfurt and other downstream towns. At flood pool the reservoir would hold a 90-day supply of water. Within a year after Congress provided the first funds for the dam, the privately owned Lexington Water Company sold two of its reservoirs at a profit of \$2,415,846. That caused Representative Gene Snyder, the only Kentucky politician who is questioning the dam, to ponder what he referred to as "a peculiar coincidence." Snyder said, "If Lexington needs water, why did they sell their reservoirs? Maybe that's why they need more water." Industries and individuals will have to pay for the water they receive from the dam, a fact they have recently realized and begun to complain about.

The main justification for the dam is recreation and the possible economic value of tourists flocking into the area to spend money at motels, lodges and boat docks. That is how the dam was sold to the people of the area. Congressman John Watts supports the dam because it is in his district and most of the people who are in favor of it are his constituents. Since Watts is for the dam, other politicians observe a gentleman's

agreement which prevents them from meddling in his political affairs. This ancient convention has accommodated a number of foul deeds in American life. The Red River dam is one of them.

To begin to understand how the people who live around the gorge could be gulled into believing tourists would drive out the Mountain Parkway to visit an ordinary lake that is useless for boating or water skiing, it is necessary to know something about eastern Kentucky.

The Red River Gorge is at the western edge of Appalachia, an isolated country in which the people have been oppressed for a century by coal-mine operators and timber companies, most of them owned by concerns from out of state. Coal scouts bought the mineral rights for very little and then put into practice "broad-claim" deeds by which strip-mine operators could move onto a man's farm with heavy machinery, rip off the soil to get at the veins of coal and leave the farm and the streams piled with rubble and wreckage.

The product of all this is Appalachia, a national disgrace. There are a few decent roads in eastern Kentucky, and the ones that do exist are littered with junked cars, old washing machines and bed-springs. Along the roads the people live in battered house trailers, bus hulls and tarpaper shacks on stilts. This is typical Tobacco Road country such as Erskine Caldwell wrote about more than 30 years ago. Here the Depression has never ended. Although they are traditionally clever and independent people, eastern Kentuckians have been left with hardly any way to earn a living. They want to work. Perhaps the start should be a road-building program. With the roads, industry might come in if tax benefits were offered. First, however, the Kentuckians would have to get more education than is now available and also be trained for industrial jobs.

Down in the gorge on the bank of the North Fork lives Floyd Ledford, who does not want to see the dam built because his house will be underwater. "The motive of the people who want this dam is money," he says, sitting before the stove in his living room, spitting tobacco juice into a coffee can. "A lot of people are going to be disappointed. They ain't going to get rich, and this dam ain't even going to help with the floods much. There's too many creeks come into the Red. I've been all over



CARROLL TICHENOR ADMIRES AN ARCH

Kentucky, and this land is as much like it was in the beginning as any land you can find anywhere. But you can sure get into a quick argument with the folks who want the dam. Land prices are booming. Over at Pine Ridge a fellow is asking \$20,000 for less than 100 acres, and not one acre of it is level ground. There's going to be some very sad people when they understand this lake ain't going to make them wealthy."

To dramatize the fate of the gorge, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas led 600 hikers along North Fork trails last autumn, deplored the dam and wrote letters opposing it. The annoyed response from Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky was that such dam foes should have spoken up sooner. The first public hearings on the dam were held 14 years ago at the request of a group of citizens from around Stanton and Clay City, 12 miles north of the gorge. They called themselves the Red River Development Association. As usual, "public hearing" was a misnomer, since most people had no idea what was happening.

Over the years the Corps of Engineers office in Louisville built up several file drawers of material on the project. Congressional approval for the dam was obtained under the 1962 Flood Control Act, although it was 1966 before the Red River was removed by letter from the state wild-rivers program, leaving Kentucky with no rivers included in the Federal Scenic Rivers plan. The Kentucky Audubon Society, Nature Conservancy, Inc., Kentucky Ornithological Union and Kentucky Academy of Science have asked for a new study of the dam. Last year the Kentucky section of the Sierra Club joined the fight against the dam, but the answer from the politicians remained the same: the funds have been granted, it's too late to stop now. "Senator Cooper knows this is not necessarily so," said *The Courier-Journal* in another editorial. "Should a major oil field be discovered in the flats along Red River tomorrow, plans for the dam would be doornail dead by tomorrow night. And something far more precious to Kentucky's future than an oil field is at stake here."

The Kentucky State Legislature approved the dam, an act which surprised no one, since the legislators wasted little time studying the matter before they voted and in any case would not have opposed the local political forces in-

volved. The board of directors of a group of Kentucky sportsmen also supports the dam and will ask its 41,000 members to concur at a meeting in June. "The board is playing it safe politically . . . like a bunch of rabbits," says Kentucky Artist-Naturalist Ray Harm.

One argument by dam proponents is that floating in boats will bring visitors closer to the rock formations on top of the palisades. To that the Sierra Club replies, as it does in opposing dams that would flood the Grand Canyon, "Should we flood the Sistine Chapel to bring tourists closer to the ceiling?" In the fall and winter, when water is drained from the reservoir to make room for the spring rains, steep mud banks will be exposed below the proposed motels, thus removing access for whatever unwary boatmen do visit the gorge. "The people have been conned," says Sierra Club member Carroll Tichenor, horse breeder, whose farm is in the Bluegrass country about an hour's drive from the gorge. "It's going to be a terrible awakening."

Provided that the boondoggle cannot be stopped and a dam must be built, the Sierra Club suggests an alternate site 5.8 miles downstream. This site would save about 80% of the gorge and would create a larger reservoir with better flood control but would cost an additional \$3 million because more of the land to be flooded is owned by individuals rather than by the government.

Carroll Tichenor is cautious about stressing the beauty of the gorge: "The scientific aspects are what we have to talk about," he says. "They tell us beauty is not enough. Well, in this case there are scientific reasons that are at least as important as the beauty. If the politicians are tired of hearing about beauty, they should listen to the scientists."

Or they should heed *The Courier-Journal*: "There is too much evidence . . . that the Engineers undertake vast projects without knowing what they are doing. There is evidence—the Red River, for example—that they approve projects to keep their forces busy and to protect their position as congressional pork-dispensers, not because the projects are really needed. . . . Some other agency, not so directly concerned with its own political power and future, should be given a voice in deciding when and where dams and other water projects are needed."

Conservationists' hopes were not



FLOED LEDFORD WILL LOSE HIS HOUSE

raised a few weeks ago when Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, after reading the results of a study of the dam by his staff, wrote a reluctant letter of approval to Lieut. General W. F. Cassidy, chief of the Army Engineers. In it he said "If we were starting with a clean slate in our consideration of the Red River . . . we might well decide: 1) that no dam . . . be built on this river and attempt to meet the needs in some other fashion; or 2) propose a dam at the lower site."

In early May conservationists will be able once more to testify against the dam when the House and Senate Appropriations Committees hold hearings in Washington. The newly appointed National Water Resources Council will have an opportunity to hear arguments.

But it may be too late, as Senator Cooper suggests. Once an appropriation is made, only the President can call it back, and such a call seems uncertain. It may be, to mix metaphor and cliché, that the silver lining is merely water over the dam.

END

Spain's **El Cordobés** (below) has always been a great soccer enthusiast, but not as much of a one as recent reports have made him out. "El Cordobés, Spain's top bullfighter, is paying \$6,000 for the chance to play three games of soccer," paraded one London paper. "The matador—real name Manuel Benítez—has given the cash to his home-town club, Córdoba. They guarantee him three games, at least one on the first team. . . . 'It seemed the only way,' said Manuel." This bit of information made the rounds in England, and in Spain it caused such an uproar that the Córdoba soccer team has been forced to issue a solemn and explicit statement to the effect that it has not received "a single peseta from the matador," that the matador never intended to sign on, nor would the team management have taken the matador seriously if he had tried to sign on. All in all, it came to a good deal of fuss re-

sulting from one of the feeble jokes of 1968. The Córdoba soccer team is warring on the brink of a slip from first to second division, and all El Cordobés did was tease some friends on the team by offering them his assistance.

Charles Lindbergh made his first public speech in 10 years recently when he addressed the joint session of the Alaska legislature in Juneau on the subject of conservation. In a soft voice, speaking extemporaneously, he earnestly advised his listeners that nothing we can do anywhere is more important than the protection of our natural environment, and he reminded them that extermination of wildlife around the world is becoming more and more serious. Specifically, for Alaska, Lindbergh recommended measures which would abolish the bounty on predators and make it illegal to hunt from airplanes. "It is absolutely necessary that we take steps now to protect what to us at this time seems commonplace," he observed. At the conclusion of his speech the audience gave Lindbergh a standing ovation and was rewarded with a rare, broad Lindbergh grin.

Norway's **Crown Prince Harald** and his fiancée plan a skiing holiday for this spring, and it may be the last one for a while. Skiing and yachting are the crown prince's only hobbies, but bride-to-be **Sonja Haraldsen** has remarked that after the wedding there will be no time for hobbies. Apparently she's letting him go to the Olympics, though. He is still scheduled to compete for Norway in the 55-meter class.

It doesn't sound like the kind of problem **John Wayne** should have run into in Texas, somehow. Having a horse shot out from under him, yes. Finding himself stuck on board a yacht

with a failed motor in Galveston Bay, no. Wayne, with Actor **Bruce Cabot**, Astronaut **Wally Schirra** and his wife, Director **Andrew McLaughlin** and Producer **Robert Arthur**, was aboard Don Shepherd's yacht, *Miss Rachel*, en route to the annual Channel Derby, when the motor conked out. The Coast Guard sent the *Sea Baw* to the rescue, and Schirra organized a bucket brigade to transfer such essentials as "Irma Shepherd's hors d'oeuvres, cherry tomatoes, taillight olives, life jackets, sarsaparilla, etc." Wayne, as gallant at sea as on land but somewhat less effective, helped Actor **Cub** lift the ladies over the rail.

Senator **Robert Kennedy**, in a recent speech to the students at the University of Alabama, observed, "The bad news is that **Bear Bryant** will not run as my Vice-President. The good news is that he will let me run as his Vice-President."

As everybody knows, men may date those flashy blondes, but they marry quiet brunettes who look like librarians—consider **Patcher Bo Belinsky** and **Jo Collins**, the librarian-type below. Bo was engaged for a time to that swinging blonde, Actress **Mame Van Doren**, but his innate conservatism or something prevailed, and he broke the engagement. Now he has found the girl of his dreams, for whom he has quit, or been suspended from, the Houston Astros. To be with Jo, Bo requested a three-hour extension of the 12 o'clock Saturday-night curfew. General Manager **Spec Richardson** refused it and, when he told Bo he was to be sent to the Astros' minor league club in Oklahoma City, Bo announced that he would quit. What he really wants to do, Bo says, is marry Miss Collins as soon as her divorce becomes final and settle down—on a dude ranch he plans to start in Hawaii.





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FRANK SLODKO

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An Olympic effort wins the cup

Of the six major championships decided at the Spring Nationals in New York two weeks ago, none was the subject of more widespread interest than the battle for the Vanderbilt Cup, won by the U.S. Open team: Robert Jordan-Arthur Robinson, Edgar Kaplan-Norman Kay and Alvin Roth-Bill Root that will participate in France in the Olympiad this June. It was not an easy victory. After its first-round match, non-playing Captain Julius Rosenblum's squad always seemed to be in trouble. The third-round match against a young team led by Dick Fleishman appeared to be the end of the line, since the U.S. team was down 19 international match points with only 16 deals remaining. On the very last board of the match Jordan managed to make an overtrick on a part-score contract for a 1 IMP gain that put the match into a flat tie and forced an eight-board playoff.

On the first deal of the playoff Jordan brought home a game contract that turned out to be the difference between being eliminated from the Vanderbilt and going on to the quarter-final round.

East-West vulnerable West dealer

		NORTH	
		♠ A 8 5 2 2	
		♥ 9 7 1	
		♦ A 9 3	
		♣ 8 3	
		EAST	
WEST		♠ A J 10 6	
♥ Q 9 4		♥ K 5 3	
♦ J 8		♦ 10 7 5 4	
♣ Q J 8 2		♣ A 2	
♠ Q 10 9 7			
		SOUTH	
		♠ 7	
		♥ A Q 10 8 3	
		♦ K 6	
		♣ K 2 6 5 4	
		SOUTH	
WEST		PASS	1 ♣
PASS		2 ♣	PASS
PASS		PASS	PASS

Opening lead: queen of diamonds

Jordan won the first trick with dummy's ace of diamonds, led a club and guesseed right when East ducked, winning with the club king. East had to spend his ace on the low-club return. South won a diamond continuation with the king and trumped a club with dummy's 9. East overruffed with the king and exited with a trump, won by Jordan's ace. The fourth round of clubs was ruffed with dummy's 7 of hearts. East couldn't overruff, and though he eventually won a trick with the spade ace, the optimistic game came rolling on.

It wouldn't have been made had East returned a trump when in with the ace of clubs. Even if South finessed the queen, when East overruffed the third round of clubs with the king he would have been able to lead another trump, leaving declarer with a club loser.

In the other room Edgar Kaplan (East) opened the bidding with one spade and the Fleishman team stopped in three hearts. Kaplan won the spade opening and shuffled to a low trump. Declarer lost a finesse to the heart jack and after a trump continuation wound up down one. The U.S. team won the playoff by 12 IMPs, but if four hearts had been set at Jordan's table and three hearts made at the other, the Fleishman team would have won.

The final against a team led by Eddie Kantar was what observers felt was the best-played match of the event, with the U.S. squad winning by 30 IMPs. Kantar's team also included a man who had the strongest additional reason for wanting to win: Ira Rubin, one of the pair whom Rosenblum had bypassed in order to select Kaplan and Kay to his 1968 squad. And most players agreed that Rubin played the best bridge of any of the 10 players in the T2-deal final. His team led by 5 at the three-quarter mark.

which was the incentive for an event unprecedented in bridge history. Alvin Roth, who with Root had played well in the preceding quarter, offered to stand down for the last quarter, pointing out that the others had been "backy" in previous final quarters when the Roth-Root duo sat out. Although shaken by this change of habit from the man who makes no secret that he considers himself the world's best player, Rosenblum accepted the suggestion.

The second deal of the last half saw Rubin triumph over Roth in a battle of wits in which both starred.

East-West
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♦ 10 9
♥ A J 10 6 5
♣ K Q 4 3
♦ 9 8

WEST
♦ K 8 3
♥ Q 8 7 3
♣ 10 9 7 6 5
♦ 7

EAST
♦ J 7 6 4 2
♥ 9
♣ A J 8 2
♦ K 10 3

SOUTH
♦ A Q 5
♥ K 4 2
♦ A Q J 6 5 4 2

NORTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♦ PASS	1♥ PASS	1♥ PASS	1♥ PASS
2♦ PASS	2♥ PASS	2♥ PASS	2♥ PASS
3♦ PASS	3♥ PASS	3♥ PASS	3♥ PASS
4♦ PASS	4♥ PASS	4♥ PASS	4♥ PASS
5♦ PASS	5♥ PASS	5♥ PASS	5♥ PASS

Opening lead: 3 of spades

Although it appears that the spade lead helped Rubin, in fact it created a problem. With a diamond or heart lead, assuming the spade king is marked off-side by West's double, declarer would take a heart finesse, a club finesse and, later, a second heart finesse to make his contract. Given the opportunity to ruff his spade loser, Rubin did so and then led a club for a finesse. This won, but the king failed to drop under the ace and declarer put Roth (East) into the lead with the king of clubs.

After some deliberation, Roth underled the ace of diamonds—giving Rubin credit for a void as part of the material for his slam bid. Rubin gazed suspiciously at Roth, ruffed the trick and went through the rest of the hand muttering, "I know you have the ace of diamonds." After Rubin had reeled off all of his clubs, the opponents' remaining six cards were four hearts including the queen, the ace of diamonds and a spade (West had discarded a heart). On the last club lead, Rubin had discarded the king of diamonds from dummy, keeping the ace-jack-10 of hearts. That left Roth free to discard his ace of diamonds if he wished to—but of course he held that card because its absence left Rubin with a guess. If West held it along with two hearts then the queen in East's hand must drop. Or did East have nothing left but three hearts, leaving West with a spade, the ace of diamonds and a heart?

Rubin was still muttering to Roth, "I know you have the ace of diamonds," and he played accordingly. He cashed the heart king, led a second heart and finessed dummy's jack to bring in the slam.

END

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Karly misses another gate

As the ski-racing season sinks in the West, the Austrians come within a giant-slamom turn of proving that they are back on top once again

So there was Charlotte Ford Niarchos going up on Baldy Mountain in a helicopter to watch Jean-Claude and Nancy and Gerhard keep on winning ski races, and there was Ann Sothorn hanging around that funny old relic called the Duchin Room with her hero and house guest, Karl Schranz, and there were all of those faithful hundreds, strewn down the bright, warm hill, zapped on wine by day, and dancing to *It Happened*

one, two, slide, whirl—in Sun Valley by night. In fact, it could *only* have happened in Sun Valley, the Late, Late Show of ski resorts—but wonderfully so.

This year's edition of the sport of Alpine racing began to sink slowly in the American West last week when it reached nostalgic Sun Valley for the American international team races, only meet on the circuit that proves whether France is better than Austria, while the U.S.,

Switzerland and Canada go along for the ride. This time France did it for the fourth straight year. Austria almost beat the French because Karl was practically alone in outpunting the combined efforts of oldtimers like Gerhard Nennig, Schranz and Heim Messner and youngsters like Alfred Matt, Reinhard Trischler, Olga Pall and Gertrud Gabl.

For the first two days it certainly looked as if Sun Valley would be the scene of an overthrow. Austria has been climbing back on top as a ski nation all season and, with Jean-Claude retiring along with Marielle Gotschel, Guy Périllat and even Coach Honore Bonnet in a couple of weeks, it now seems improbable that France can keep the revitalized Austrians from getting up there next year, anyhow.

In a lot of ways last week Sun Valley belonged to that ancient 1291 Alpine campaigner, Karl Schranz, despite Killy's presence. One of the reasons was because the Austrians were winning with Schranz helping the way third in the downhill, won by Nennig, and fourth to Killy in slalom; and the other was because Karl has always been big in Sun Valley society. Once again, for example, Schranz did not stay in the Lodge with his teammates but with Ann Sothorn in her blue, Tyrolean house about half a mile away. She gave teas for him, had parties for him and swung around town with him, as she has in the past.

"I think Karl is just great," she said. "He is such a lovely boy. I love to watch him wax his skis."

Also, it was Schranz, not Killy, who was invited to ski down the mountain one afternoon with Charlotte Ford Niarchos, Sun Valley's leading Jet Setter right now, and dad, and who was invited to go bowling in the Lodge with Charlotte Ford Niarchos and did. Well, loyalists of Sun Valley like nostalgic things like the old dining room where Norma Shearer danced, like the Hemingway Shrine and the Duchin Room. And like Karl Schranz, who has been around skiing longer than the reinder sweater.

Of course, this has been Karl's year as much as Killy's in a certain sense, mainly because of the slalom controversy at Grenoble. Almost everybody, including members of Karl's own team, believes that Schranz should have been disqualified and that Killy won the race fairly, but Schranz still thinks he won the race, and he even has seven gold med-



SCHRANZ WAS FOURTH IN THE SLALOM BUT HE WAS THE NO. 1 SUN VALLEY SOCIAL LION

als to prove it. Uh huh, seven. A rock-built, blue-eyed, loud-voiced fellow who has always seemed, in an amusing way, to be the guy Central Casting would send over if you asked for a storm trooper. Schranz relaxed one afternoon at Ann Sothorn's and spoke of it.

"I received medals from Austrian newspapers and from strangers," he said. "I even got one from the Austrian Olympic Committee. Everybody is on my side. I may get more medals."

It is almost unthinkable that Karl will keep racing. He has been one of the very best since 1957. "I believe that I have won exactly 110 world races," he said. "That is, of course, more than anyone." But he wants more.

As he said, "I still finish in the top five regularly, and I am capable of winning any race. My sister runs my pension in St. Anton. There is no money in professional racing, so what am I to do? I am always in good physical shape, so my age does not matter. Anyway, it is not a bad life, as you can see."

While Schranz's presence dominated the social scene, the individual skiing star of the week was Nancy Greene again. For the second week in a row, she won the downhill, slalom and giant slalom, as she had done in Aspen. That is six straight victories for her. The Sun Valley races did not count toward the World Cup, which she leads, but it kept Canada's team challenging for third place and even earned her a private dinner with Killy one evening, which an awful lot of young girls might consider a bigger prize than anything.

After a party, Killy and Nancy strolled off together with the Canadian girl in tears and Jean-Claude trying to console her. The reason for Nancy's emotion was that Killy had just told her he would not race this week in Rossland, B.C., Nancy's home town. Killy had planned to visit Los Angeles, taking the week off to drive some of Carroll Shelby's cars and then wind up his career at Heavenly Valley to receive his second straight World Cup award.

But, during their dinner, Killy gave in. He agreed to spend a few days with Shelby but also to show up at Rossland for at least the slalom. "Nancy was so broken up, what could I do?" Killy said. "She is a great girl, and I just can't hurt her." Shortly after winning Sunday's giant slalom and helping France overtake Austria, Killy rushed off to

continued

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nearly Harley where Shelby and his jet were waiting. Killy didn't even wait to hear the final point total.

Through the first four races on Friday and Saturday, Austria took a shocking 11-point lead over France and trunkly looked unbeatable while the U.S., Canada and Switzerland were locked in a roaring battle for third. But Sunday's giant slalom for both the men and women was set on a long, icy and dangerous course that featured one 90° airborne turn between two lift towers up near the Round House restaurant, and it was a real separator.

Killy practically won the meet for France by doing two almost full turns in midair, first to the left to head down into the gate below and then twisting back to the right to carry speed into the bottom part of the course. It was simply something that only Killy could have done. This was the eighth victory out of 12 races that Killy had won in this American international team event since it began in 1965.

America's Rick Chaffee, who had been third in the slalom, was only 1/2 second behind Killy, scoring a huge second place for America, and Billy Kidd was a smooth fifth. Still, as the day wore on, it was up to 18-year-old Karen Budge, the last racer on the hill, to save her team, because the points were so close. Had she fallen like so many others or scored no points at all by not placing among the top 15, Canada would have been third, but Karen didn't, even though the course was by now almost completely torn up. She quietly and smartly finished third.

As it turned out, Austria lost the meet because of none other than Karl Schranz. Way up before he missed the difficult turn, Schranz did something he seldom does. He slipped past a gate and was disqualified. When the news reached the bottom that Schranz had blown a gate, Gerhard Nennung, realizing the team trophy had been lost in the final inning, slammed his poles into the snow and began hollering, "saera," which is a mild sort of Austrian swear word.

Presently, Karl arrived at the finish area, and he was, unbelievably, smiling. "You shot," said Nennung.

"Ya, I did a stupid thing," Karl said, but still grinning. "Well, I don't think the team race is so important, after all." And Karl left. After all, Ann Sothorn was having another party.

END

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A CITY OF COMPLEXES



Oakland has long been traumatized by the glamorous city it faces across the Bay, but its other complex, a gorgeous stadium and arena facility, is new. Suddenly Oakland finds itself with five pro teams, all of them clawing for attention and devotion from the same elusive fans—choosy suburbanites, angry Negroes and haughty San Franciscans

BY FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED

The county north of Oakland continues to bear the name that was originally given to the whole large area on the east side of San Francisco Bay. *Contra Costa*, the region was called, or, literally, the opposite shore. Even then, when the padres from Spain first settled the north of California and placed a cross in the hills above the Bay, the east shore was the *other side*. By the time Oakland was incorporated in 1852 San Francisco was already a worldly city across the Bay and a romantic notion that churned the imaginations and hopes of men across a continent. Oakland, if it was recognized at all, was nothing but an opposite shore, as it has remained, a city of limited attraction and no style.

It is unfair, perhaps, that Oakland always has had to suffer so in the shadow of a glamorous neighbor. Geography has not been kind, for most other American cities also would be damned by intimate comparison to San Francisco. Oakland, at any rate, has long believed this and found a comfortable pity for itself

in the bargain. But then, what has Oakland produced on its own?

Jack London lived and wrote and drank there. Don Hudge left there to become the city's only world champion many Negro athletes of more recent vintage have left there to gain a substantial national fame. Senator William Knowland might have been like's running mate in '52 if there really had not been a new Nixon then. Otherwise, Oakland seldom has received a mention, except in the intolerant calumny dispensed by San Francisco or in the intellectual sneers from its unprotected flank Berkeley, where University of California students claim they enter Oakland only to picket or to drink in the bars along Seventh Street, since draft cards (signed or otherwise) are not closely inspected for proof of age.

Suddenly, however, as Oakland has begun to collect professional athletic teams in abundance—more teams, in fact, then almost any place—all of this has changed. The city's first plunge toward sporting fame came with the arrival of the Oakland Raiders, now patriarchs at the age of 8. Then last year, in bewildering succession, came the Oakland Clippers, Oakland Seals and Oakland Oaks. And last, the Oakland Athletics, who arrive for opening day on April 17 with a disreputable ball club from Kansas City and an executive vice-president named Joe DiMaggio, who probably counts for more than the whole roster.

Including the San Francisco Warriors who lost their high scorer, Rick Barry, to the Oakland Oaks but who schedule half their home games in Oakland—the Fast Bay city has 5½ professional teams, which is more than twice as many as vaunted San Francisco and more than any other metropolis in the nation except New York and Chicago. And in company with New York this year, Oakland is also the site of a heavyweight championship fight. Jerry Quarry will meet Jimmy Ellis there for the WBA part of the world title on April 27. For a modest city of 400,000 which refused to support a bond issue that would have

paid for high school extracurricular activities, including athletics, these are remarkable accomplishments—and perhaps overwhelming ones.

The teams all have come so fast that, among other things, Oakland has neglected to support them. People in Oakland tend to gloss this over. The point, they suggest, is just to have all these teams. Since Oakland also has a surfeit of majors—one being in jail explaining away excesses comes easy. The city gushes with pride as it has never dared to before.

"We're proud of Oakland and want people to know where we're from," said Charles O'Fenley, who is from La Porte, Ind., shortly after disembarking in town and announcing that the A's would wear *oakland* on the front of their uniforms, home and away.

This was a very important thing to Oakland, for two of the other teams—the Clippers and the Seals—first had been named just California. Pressure, subtle and from the *Oakland Tribune*, was applied to the miscreants, who, seeing their sin, quickly changed their names to *oakland*. This makes people happy in Oakland. Everybody knows where Oakland is now, the people say. And indeed everybody does. Oakland is located in all the standings.

In Oakland, as elsewhere, it goes unchallenged that, riots and mass murders aside, the best way for a town to make a national name for itself is with a sports team. A team, it is believed with a child's faith, puts a city on the map. Probably this sentiment is a delusion, certainly it is no more than a wishful expression that has become, after long and fervent repetition, a hoary axiom that must not be contested. In a world of television, mass communication and saturation entertainment it is doubtful that Oakland is truly recognized by the distant fan as a city. More likely, along with San Diego or Anaheim or other such average-size communities, it remains only a vague receptacle for the teams that play there, no more real to the nation than the Gotham of Batman or the Central City of Wimpe Winkle.



Already there are many in Oakland who don't dig A's Charlie Faley

Since the cities themselves are convinced, however, that a "major league" franchise is the price of municipal grace, the effect is beneficial. Men have bought such indulgences for years and died paid up and happy. The franchises swell Oakland with self-evident and, prancing in its fresh swagger, the city sees itself in a brighter light. Today every time reference is made to the colossal Kaiser Center, the following appositional phrase is automatically triggered: "the largest office building west of Chicago." In fact, the Kaiser Center, the largest office building west of Chicago, really is the second largest office building west of Chicago (the largest is in Houston), but whatever its rank, the way Oaklanders make the point it would seem that the structure must be growing more massive all the time. Similarly, the citizens boast of their new museum—which was designed by Eero Saarinen—as if it were budding like a flower and not just being put together by men in overalls who carry hammers and union cards. They praise Jack London Square—its restaurants and night clubs—and talk of an evening there as if dining out were a whole new concept. They won't, however, mention that Western Pacific freights still rumble noisily right down the middle of Third Street, cutting the square off from the city.

Boots Erb, a former Cal quarterback and now the proprietor of the Bow & Bell, is referred to occasionally as the Toots Shue of Oakland. "When I came to the square in '54," he says, "it was known as Planter's Deck. There were just a couple of restaurants, and there was nothing but dirt for the cars to park on. Now we have validated parking and the whole bit.

"I remember one time a few years ago," he says—and when he sits by the window in the Bow & Bell, Candlestick Park looms behind him across the Bay—"when I was back East and I met Curt Gowdy, the announcer. I told him I was from Oakland, and he said he didn't know where that was, so, like always, I told him it was near San Francisco. Well, the night before we played Houston for the championship last December, Curt

was right in here having dinner, and he saw me and winked. 'Well, Boots,' he said, 'I guess I know where Oakland is now.'"

For purposes of sport, Oakland essentially is a stadium complex. Completed late in 1966, the complex consists of a magnificent stadium standing beside a magnificent arena—two jewels that were constructed for \$10 million. A civic committee headed by Robert Natus, a geologist and real-estate developer, handled the project with an efficiency seldom seen in such enterprises. Natus, a proud, exacting man who used to play basketball at Cal Tech, kept the undertaking free of political meddling. He managed to raise most of the money through public bonds, ones that had to be sold in distant places because, though San Francisco is the finance center of the West, none of the bankers there would handle bonds for an Oakland-Alameda County project.

The complex is technically within the Oakland city limits, but its true location—as its own maps trumpet—is best defined as the center of numerous concentric circles that eventually embrace a total of 4.2 million people who live within 45 minutes traveling time. The problem is that while the maps and circles are valid enough, many of the 4.2 million residents included therein are Negroes who live quite near the complex but cannot afford to visit it, and even more are San Franciscans who would not go to Oakland under any circumstance.

As a result, although the complex has been successful and modest projections of attendance were almost doubled in the first year of operation, the local sports franchises have been largely ignored. It is the special events that have made the money, and the novelty of those may be wearing off. In fact, everybody is dying in this crowded sports market. Even the Giants and Warriors across the Bay are losing customers.

But it is Oakland that figures to lose the most—in money and image—because it depends so on its franchises for glory. It has shaken off one master only to



The Seals were the winning club—\$3 million wrong for owner Harry Van Gerbig.

how to another. After being so long in San Francisco's shadow it now desperately needs the support of the rich and powerful suburbs around it to retain the only eminence it ever has had.

Unfortunately, Oakland has also sold itself to strangers, to Texans, Floridians, Hoosiers, Los Angelenos. In its rush to accumulate teams—any teams—each franchise has come in with absentee ownership that has no real empathy for Oakland, or even Alameda County, but only for that hefty stockpile of 4.2 million people within 45 minutes. Oakland's own money has hidden under rocks whenever the subject of buying (or saving) franchises for the old home town was broached.

The franchise in the least stable condition at the moment is the Seals. Like Romney, the hockey team threatens to be a case of in early, out early. The Seals' youthful majority owner, sociable Harry Van Gerbig, left his large leased house in San Francisco in January to return to the peace and warmth of West Palm Beach. Married to the daughter of Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Van

continued

Gerbig is a fine golfer and at Princeton was an outstanding collegiate hockey goalie who probably was a better drawing card than his inept Seals were this year. But, from West Palm, the young owner spoke sadly: "I personally have lost \$3 million in a year, and that is enough."

The Seals owe the NHL around \$700,000 from a November loan that falls due May 15. There was, as usual, no local money available, and the bankers across the Bay were no more enthusiastic.

It is difficult to imagine whether the collapse of the Seals would be more shattering to the NHL—which has heretofore managed to maintain an image of absolute popular and financial éclat—or to Oakland, which may be the only city in the Western world that can't support a big-league hockey team.

So Oakland's Coliseum may not keep the Seals, and it probably cannot keep

the Oaks. The ABA team (including Rick Barry) almost certainly will soon move to Los Angeles. And thus, if its teams depart, Oakland would die, in a way, by its own sword, for the franchises are simply looking toward different territory that offers the same cold lure which attracted them to Oakland in the first place—new arenas. The rink in Vancouver is up to NHL standards. The L.A. Sports Arena is vacant for the ABA Oaks, and the ABA Anaheim Amigos can move to Portland, which has a modern arena designed by the same firm that planned Oakland's. Such are the whimsical realities of modern professional sports locomotion.

The saturation of teams may also cost Oakland its most valuable personnel commodity: Al Davis, the sleek, young boss of the Raiders. The Raiders are the only locally owned team. They also are the celebrated champions of the AFL, the rags-to-riches heroes, the pride of the community, the flagship of the complex. In gratitude, 1967 season-ticket sales dropped precipitously to 17,500, and the Raiders did not consistently fill the stadium with front-runners until their championship was all but assured.

Davis is not happy with the influx of new teams. His critics—and there are a few in town—maintain that he would not be happy unless all forms of competitive entertainment, church bazaars included, were outlawed in Oakland. Davis is not really that demanding, but he is adamant about not permitting the other Oakland teams to use the public-address system for plugs while the Raiders are playing.

"The success of the Raiders may have built a monster," Davis says, beginning in a philosophical tone but building to a controlled snarl. "The city is making a great deal of propaganda out of having all these teams. I have told Oakland people all along that they were wrong. I'm a great believer in operating only when you have a solid foundation to start from. The way they chose, taking all these teams at once, is not my approach to life. It is quantity for its own sake, with no regard for quality. They are boasting about the whole area, too, at the expense of Oakland, and the

Raiders worked a long time to build up this city's image and pride in itself. Now, all of a sudden, we are supposed to have this great big happy family of Oakland teams. The Raiders don't want any part of that. The way I feel, under the circumstances, and bearing in mind that I made my opinion very clear from the first, is that if an opportunity presents itself, say, in the next couple of years, for me to move on to somewhere else, I won't feel that I am initiating the breaking of any trust with Oakland."

With or without Davis, Oakland at least seems sure of keeping the Raiders. But its hold on its remaining teams is tenuous. The Clippers always wanted to play their soccer in San Francisco and are in Oakland on the rebound. So, in a way, are the A's. Finley certainly would have gone to Seattle had there been a stadium there. Already some people in Oakland regret that he did not go. He did not even sign a lease until February, but, on the other hand, from the first he solicited help for every kind of free promotion to boost attendance. Even his master stroke of hiring DiMaggio may yet backfire, for already at least once in public he has displayed a certain petty jealousy at the affection in which the Clipper is held.

The Oaks are another sort of problem, for they simply are a shaky basketball enterprise that needs a bank more than an arena. The owners tried desperately to give away TV rights for a few years to any station that would co-sign a note in excess of half a million dollars. In a television sports market that is jammed there were no takers. The team, which has been drawing home gates of only a few hundred dollars, may gross less than \$100,000 this year.

Oakland must contend not only with outside cities trying to attract its teams, but with the competition that exists within its own magic concentric circles. Before San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto even took office in January he indicated that he wanted to build a grant sports complex downtown.

And a new lion is also prowling around—San Jose. A placid, sprawling urban adolescent, San Jose possesses people in abundance. Not bound by geography,



William Knowland's Tribune is anti-Red and, the blacks say, too white.

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as San Francisco (pop. 750,000) is, or trapped by suburbs that reject it, the way Oakland is, San Jose may well grow into the third largest city in California. Though it is hardly 30 miles south of Oakland, San Jose will soon be wanting its own teams to put itself on the map.

Franklin Mieuli, the canny owner of the Warriors, still lives in San Jose. He grew up there when it was a pleasant little county seat. His grandparents were from Oakland. "It used to be," Mieuli says, "that wherever you lived in northern California—Oakland, San Jose, Marin County, wherever—San Francisco was The City. You went to San Francisco. You wanted to, and whether it was a ball game or a show or shopping, it was an excursion, it was something you looked forward to, it was an event. There certainly was no feeling of disloyalty to your own town."

"Now, everybody's thinking is reversed. People feel they must swallow local pride to come to San Francisco. Or they're indignant. You know, 'Why the hell should I have to go to San Francisco?' People come from halfway around the world, breathless, to get to San Francisco, and the people around here are annoyed if they have to go 15 minutes."

But except for those like Mieuli, who are emotionally and financially involved, the deterioration of San Francisco sports fails to concern many natives. In a sense Oakland shows more interest in the problem, because it is so completely conscious of The City, so anxious for its approbation, so hurt by its aloofness. Oakland fans cheer louder, it seems, not when their team scores, but when it is announced that a San Francisco team is losing. A visiting half-time band at a Raider game once made the *four pas* of playing *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, and the jeering was vituperative. *Tribune* Sports Editor George Ross still refers to the "NFL snobs." His staff's day-to-day coverage of the San Francisco teams is both fair and adequate, but, editorially, the *Tribune* is never satisfied just to praise an Oakland accomplishment if it can, at the same time, find a way to demean San Francisco in the bargain. This response is, apparently, a natu-

ral one, and even newcomers to Oakland pick it up almost instinctively. Tim Ryan, a young Canadian who is the Seals' P.R. man and who does their play-by-plays, has already made mention of "the Oakland Bay area" on the air.

Al Davis shakes his head. "Haven't we peevish the point of who is Oakland and what is Oakland?" he asks. "Too many people are still living on local color. They can't see past the Golden Gate. They keep telling me 'Hey, we showed those 49ers.' I have to say, 'Look, can we show Green Bay?' They're the epitome of football. Green Bay, not San Francisco."

Of course, in its own purblind, set-up manner, San Francisco places itself far above the rest of this world, and of redemption, too, perhaps. "It is cosmopolitan to the world, but absolutely provincial to its neighbors," says Nahas. "I'll tell you," says Jerry Seltzer, who operates his Bay Bombers roller-derby team out of Oakland, "there is really nothing left for the people over there to do but go to the other side of the Golden Gate and look back in ecstasy."

Seltzer's office is in Oakland but he lives on the San Francisco side of the Bay. His Bombers play on both sides of the Bay, and he is one of the few Bay Area neutrals extant. "Even if the San Francisco people won't come over to Oakland to see anybody play," Seltzer says, "they are mature about the whole situation. The people over there have been absolutely fair in acknowledging Oakland's accomplishments. Perhaps this is what infuriates Oakland the most. Even when it at last gets something on San Francisco it still can't get San Francisco jealous. San Francisco is still able to look toward Oakland with confidence and humor. This is driving Oakland to greater frustration, and what you see is real bitterness in exchange."

Oakland is a city that has faced frustration from the first. But for a single errant sandbar that made access to the Oakland harbor hazardous, the East Bay would have been the more logical hub of northern California and all the West. Even history, it seems, is a game of inches. That Oakland had the more benevolent physical location was apparent



Robert Nahas headed the men and hunted the money that built the complex.

early on and was already nagging Oaklanders by 1854 when the town's first mayor, Horace Carpenter, wrote: "Oakland's salubrity of climate, its ease and security of access, the royal aspect of its oaks, its enchanting solitudes, its facility of soil... its exemptions from the rough winds of San Francisco all conspire to make it a favorable place of resort and for residences for families who can escape the dust and turmoil of San Francisco."

Mayor Carpenter was not a man given to oversight. He was once elected to the legislature from Oakland with 519 votes out of 965 when a census just before had established that there were only 130 voters in the district. Another time he convinced the city to trade him its whole waterfront and all the rights thereto if he would build three wharves and a schoolhouse in return. Oakland did not win the litigation to get its waterfront back until 1910. In his lifting praise for Oakland the good mayor somehow neglected to mention that it was also an early center of sport—applying the term loosely and variously—long before the city established itself in other ways.

continued

From the first, San Franciscans rated Oakland as a felicitous site for dueling and the town's reputation grew to the point that a Mr. Dorsey and a Mr. Bevin journeyed all the way from the village of Los Angeles to duel there on Sept. 21, 1854. Sunday bullfights were popular, and contests pitting bulls against bears were also much-approved diversions until an act in 1854 prohibited such "noisy and barbarous amusements on the Sabbath."

Spelling bees also were big for a time in Oakland, but baseball became the favored sport soon after its introduction. Apparently the first game ever played between the two largest Bay cities occurred in April 1866 when the City College of San Francisco nine ferried over to East Oakland to face the Live Oak Club. According to contemporary Oakland accounts, the visitors quit and returned to San Francisco after the eighth inning, refusing to complete the game. They trailed 84-39. The San Francisco bullpen situation has been alleviated only somewhat in the intervening 102 years.

San Franciscans maintain that the only viable rivalries with Oakland (i.e., rivalries that San Francisco will acknowledge) came on the baseball diamond. In 1887, thanks to inter-Bay competition, Oakland baseball attendance reached 150,000. In the 1940s, with Casey Stengel at the helm of the Oaks of the Pacific Coast League, Oakland drew more

than 600,000 a year to its park in Emeryville, which had a capacity of only 10,700 per game. Sunday doubleheaders between the two Bay teams traditionally began in the morning on one side of the Bay, and then finished with an afternoon game on the other side.

Other serious competitions between the two cities have been rare, and many San Franciscans claim, most contemptuously, that the only development ever to cause its citizens to visit Oakland occurred after the earthquake, when the big city's hawdy houses had to be temporarily relocated across the Bay. On the other hand, as early as 1877 Oakland newspapers were berating their readers for planning Fourth of July celebrations and other such entertainments in San Francisco instead of staying home to relax and spend money.

Oakland's only remaining daily newspaper, the afternoon *Tribune*, does not choose to be so testy with its readers. It boosts Oakland unabashedly, blending Pollyanna and Goldwater under the guiding hand of its publisher, former Senator Knowland. In their pursuit of happiness for Oakland, *Tribune* staffers must use the Oakland airport, even though it is hardly more convenient than San Francisco's huge terminal and offers only a small percentage of the flights.

As the *Tribune* helps its airport, so does it promote the sport franchises as well. Diligent Sports Editor George Ross is Mother Superior to the teams. Davis and many others single out Ross as the man most responsible for bringing all of the teams to Oakland. Keeping them there may be a greater task, though Oakland surely will prevail if no news is good news.

"We don't go out of our way to report every little rumor, every hint," Ross says. "We are part of this community, and we must consider that aspect. Sometimes if you spank a sick baby too hard it dies, and then what have you achieved?"

This laissez-faire attitude tends, others think, to mislead the teams initially and lull them into a sense of false security. Buoyed by *Tribune* euphoria, the Seals originally estimated that they would just throw open the gates and draw 9,000 a

night. But nobody came to see them from San Francisco, where minor league hockey had drawn exceptionally well, and the people in Oakland were mad at them because they called themselves the California Seals. Averaging half their estimate, the Seals at last changed their name and agreed to try to get a few more bodies in the place with *Tribune* promotions, a desperation move that may have come too late.

Buddies to the end, the *Triab* has remained accommodating to the Seals and never questioned the failing operation. There was not even any protest when Burl Olmstead, the coach of the Seals, who has a reputation for being quarrelsome and rude to journalists, refused to be confronted directly by *Tribune* reporters. Interviews had to be conducted through P.R. man Ryan.

"The delusions caused by the East Bay press—particularly the *Tribune*—create a serious problem," says Jerry Seltzer. "The *Tribune* has convinced the teams, and I guess itself, that there is something different about Oakland. This is ridiculous. The reason Oakland has all these teams is because of the stadium and the arena, not the people. Do you really think that the good folks in Hayward and Fremont and Castro Valley are any better fans than those in Passaic and Paterson? Look, put this complex in New Jersey or outside of Chicago or Boston and it would draw just as well as it does here—maybe better."

Senator Knowland, and his father before him, have run the *Tribune* since 1915 and, hy and large, it is maintained, they have run the community in the bargain. The people accept that as a fact, anyway, and because of the Senator's right-wing views the Negroes in Oakland tend to be especially suspicious of the city's entire power structure. The *Tribune* handles the race issue gingerly, rather like a bear holding an egg. For instance, Negroes—and *Tribune* staffers, too—suspect that the paper plays down civil rights news in the first edition, the one that is beamed-delivered to many Negro residences in the flatlands of Oakland. Yet of all large California cities, Oakland has the largest percentage of Negroes in its population, nearly one-

continued

The Raiders are an Al Davis coup, but he is not cooling about the newcomers.

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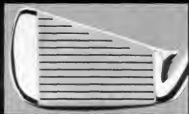
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third. By percentage, it has half again as many Negroes as San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Negroes constitute the one large segment of the population unimpressed by Al Davis and the Raiders, for the club has no Negro front-office personnel. Neither, so far, do the A's, and when six of the players arrived in town this winter to sell tickets, Negroes could hardly fail to notice that all six were as white as the ludicrous white shoes they also were required to wear. Unless Negro personnel are hired, a massive picket line is planned for the night the A's open their home season. "I mean, we'll get the thousands of blacks out of work in this city to ring that stadium," says one Negro. "Nothing token, baby."

Two years ago the *Tribune* failed to champion a bond issue to pay for high school extracurricular activities, including athletics. The bond issue was defeated, and while the *Tribune* then helped dredge up private money for school sports, the Negro community was angered. The school population has a higher percentage of blacks than the population at large, so there were racial implications to the voting. Besides, even though the stadium complex is privately financed, the combination of having a sports palace while refusing to support high school athletics struck Negroes as outrageous.

Bill Russell, the coach of the Boston Celtics, came from Oakland, but he holds no brief for his home town. "Don't worry about Oakland," he says facetiously, "it'll be a great sports town, just like all the right-wing cities. I don't know why that is, but it's a trend. This town builds anything for the amusement of the affluent but cares nothing for its poor. And worse, the whites really think that the Negroes can't see through them. That's what really galls you. Oakland calls the Negro an s.o.b. and really expects that he won't mind at all."

In Oakland, Russell attended McClymonds, once the most famous athletic high school in the country. Set amid the frail frame houses of West Oakland, McClymonds is a long, spare building, with rows of shutterless windows that make it look something like a factory.

Inside the school, pictures of famous athletes hang in a glossy row—Russell, Frank Robinson, Paul Silas, Curt Flood, Vada Pinson and many more. Placed among them is a poster detailing the advantages of the early detection and treatment of VD.

There are 500 male students at McClymonds, but only about 150 participate in sport. Basketball is the game. "Football?" says Jack Drinkwater, who is white and the basketball coach. "There is no grass around here to play football on. It is strictly an environment thing. The kids don't know about football, so they come up here and say, 'I can't play football.'"

"Another thing," says Ben Tapscott, who is Negro and the track coach, "is that a lot of the boys don't have time for sports. They have to hold a job. Or they're just after that job so they can get that car and get that girl." Often, though, where there is interest there is no provision for the outlet. "We could have a 10th-grade basketball team with no sweat at all," Tapscott says, "but we have no one to handle it."

"What a shame," Drinkwater says. "The kids on the basketball team are the best ones I see in the school. They have something. They are something." The team practices from 2.30 to 6 every day, and the players ask for more. Five of the Mack seniors will earn college athletic scholarships this year.

"Last year when there wasn't any high school football," Drinkwater recalls, "we started to get scared that there might not be any basketball, either. The kids went out and sold candy bars to help. We told the best players, the ones with a chance at scholarships, not to panic, that if worse came to worse we could get them into Catholic schools. But what could we do with most of the kids, the ones who play but aren't that good, the kids who have athletics as their only diversion and sometimes as the only thing that keeps them out of trouble?"

Obviously a stadium complex and new pro teams were hardly the answers to anything in this area. Yet it is too easy to suggest that the question merely is one of bread and circuses. Oakland may have shown a curious sense of priori-



Without enough coaches, says Ben Tapscott, the kids drift away from sports.

ties, but that is not the heart of the matter. The basic fault remains, or rather a combination of two basic faults: the magnificent sports facility and the city's old trauma, its love-hate relationship with The City at the other end of the bridge.

So Oakland has two complexes now. It built itself the one thing San Francisco did not have and placed such emphasis upon it that it can be no surprise when fans and visitors—franchises and spectators alike—show fealty to the shrine and not to the life of the city.

The idea that the price of civic salvation is a franchise—or five of them—dies hard, as Milwaukee and Kansas City have learned. If life were that easy we only would need to make more leagues, and more stadium complexes, too, so that everybody could have one. Nor would we keep score at games, for losing would impair our neat delusions, fogging them over with the sad breath of reality—the kind of reality that Oakland is avoiding.

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any car in its class.

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For years, people made you sit in corners. But Barracuda is different. We think you've grown up.

Plymouth Barracuda  And the beat goes on.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BARTON RUDY BARTON (18-10-13) Indianapolis became the youngest first-time winner in the history of the All-Pro football award when he won the 1988 championship. The All-Pro Award was given to the best player in the league. Barton, who played for the Indianapolis Colts, was named the best player in the league. Barton, who played for the Indianapolis Colts, was named the best player in the league. Barton, who played for the Indianapolis Colts, was named the best player in the league.

BASKETBALL NBA In the first week of the regular season, Eastern Division champion **PHILADELPHIA** (40-20) won two of their three games, finishing 10-2 in the regular season. The 76ers won their first game in 10 days. The 76ers won their first game in 10 days. The 76ers won their first game in 10 days. The 76ers won their first game in 10 days.

BASEBALL MLB In the first week of the regular season, the New York Yankees (10-1) won their first game in 10 days. The Yankees won their first game in 10 days. The Yankees won their first game in 10 days. The Yankees won their first game in 10 days.

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1988 points (242). **MIKE DANIEL** (18-10-13) Indianapolis became the youngest first-time winner in the history of the All-Pro football award when he won the 1988 championship. The All-Pro Award was given to the best player in the league. Barton, who played for the Indianapolis Colts, was named the best player in the league.

CURLING CANADA skipped by Ruth Northcott led North and South teams to a 10-0 victory in the 1988 curling tournament.

HOCKEY NHL The first week of the regular season, the New York Yankees (10-1) won their first game in 10 days. The Yankees won their first game in 10 days. The Yankees won their first game in 10 days. The Yankees won their first game in 10 days.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



CHERIE MCDANIEL 16, of Ruffin Park, is riding her own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show. She is riding her own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show. She is riding her own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show.



KENNY HAWKINS 28, of Duluth, Minn., won the national junior ski jumping title. He is riding his own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show. She is riding her own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show.



JOHN SMOGORZ 11, of St. Peter's High School, is riding his own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show. She is riding her own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show.



KRIS WELLMORS 16, of the Santa Clara, is riding his own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show. She is riding her own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show.



PHILIP M. SWIFT JR. 16, of the Santa Clara, is riding his own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show. She is riding her own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show.



ED KOCMAREK 16, of the Santa Clara, is riding his own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show. She is riding her own horse, Mrs. Lorraine, back the historic Horse Show.

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1	18	21	20	16					
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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE NIT

Even as Announcer John Condon was imploring the crowd of 39,008 in New York's Madison Square Garden, "Don't go out on the floor after the game, please stay off the court," hundreds of happy Dayton fans were edging out of their court-side seats, preparing to swarm over and around their heroes. Minutes later, while the Garden special policemen made halfhearted motions to stop them, they engulfed the Dayton players.

The Flyers, a one-point underdog, had just beaten a big Kansas team 61-48 with a magnificent effort to win the National Invitation Tournament. (The tournament had set an attendance record with 138,250 for eight doubleheaders.) It was Dayton's 14th straight victory and stirred memories of a recent, less fortunate excursion into postseason competition. Just a year ago the Flyers had surprised almost everyone by slipping through the NCAA Midwest Regional, beating North Carolina in Louisville and going on to play UCLA for the national championship. They lost that one to the Bruins 79-64. So, last Saturday's victory was especially rewarding. "We've been the runner-up kings of the world," said Coach Don Donohue. "We were just tired of being second."

Actually, the season had started badly for Dayton. The Flyers lost nine of their first 16 games, including four by a single point and two by three points, and seemed to be going nowhere. Glinder Toran, a 6' 6" center, and Rudy Waterman, a shifty little guard, who were part-time starters the year before, had been benched because of problems which later were revealed when Waterman accused Donohue of discrimination. (Donohue chose to ignore the charge, and both players came to New York with the squad.) Don May, the smooth, strong 6' 4" All-America forward, was not yet in shape after recovering from knee injuries suffered during the summer, and Dan Sadler, a 6' 6" corner man and defensive specialist, was in a slump. The center position was a problem, too.

Then, in the ninth loss, to Louisville, things took a turn for the better. Behind 16 points at half time, Donohue replaced husky 6' 9" sophomore George Janky at center with Dan Obrovac, a skinny 6' 10" junior who had never distinguished himself, and both Obrovac and the team suddenly came alive. Obrovac outplayed Westley Umsick, and Louisville barely won 73-72. "After

that," recalls Donohue, "it seemed we couldn't lose." Obrovac became a starter. May regained his form, Dayton won its next 10 games for a 17-9 record and earned an invitation to the NIT.

Still, it looked as if Dayton would not get past Fordham in the quarter-finals. The Rams, playing a good man-to-man defense, held May to only three field goals—though he made 10 of 13 fouls—in the first half, and Fordham led 33-28. May, who finished with 28 points, and Obrovac got the Flyers back in the game in the second half, but the Rams were ahead 56-55 with 2:48 to go. Then Obrovac dropped in six straight free throws and Dayton won 61-60.

Notre Dame was even tougher for Dayton in the semifinals. The Irish, who were not expected to get past the first round, had survived a last-ditch rally by LIU to knock the nation's No. 1 small college team out of the tournament 62-60. It had appeared to be all over for LIU when Bob Whitmore and Bob Arzenz shot Notre Dame into a 41-28 lead early in the second half. But Coach Roy Rubin made some adjustments. He brought in sophomore William Reeves to play Arzenz, moved Larry Newbold, his fine little backcourt man, inside and the Blackbirds began to fly. Arzenz did not score another field goal, while Newbold, jump shooting and driving from the side, scored 23 points in the second half—he had 35 in the game—and LIU just fell short of victory.

That put Notre Dame in with Dayton. By this time the Flyers, who had played their first two games with a sparse rooting section, had some support from back home—a red-vested band, eight cheerleaders and their precision-dancing Flyerettes.

Notre Dame's game was not complicated. In fact, Publicist Roger Valderrama, asked to describe his team's attack, had said, "We have a Stanley and Livingstone offense. We send two guards and a forward out on a search party for Whitmore and Arzenz." The searchers did a fine job of finding their men. Whitmore and Arzenz each scored 13 points in the first half and, despite 22 by May, Dayton was behind 43-39. But Bob Hooper, a little hustler who played with the fingers of his left hand splinted and taped, saved the Flyers. He got them into a tie at 68 points at the end of the game, and his three foul shots in overtime won for Dayton 76-74. May had 32 points and Hooper 18. "Hooper looks like he's really fast, but he's not," explained Donohue. "He's deceptively slow." Notre Dame's Johnny Dee insisted, "That Hooper, he killed us. It's a

tough way to go." There was some consolation for the Irish, though. They later beat St. Peter's 81-78 for third place.

Kansas, meanwhile, was working its way into the finals against Eastern teams. The Jayhawks had the size—6' 10" Dave Nash, flanked by 6' 8" Greg Douglas and 6' 6" Rodger Bohannon—in the front court—to intimidate most teams. They were also well-schooled in defense and played a deliberate offense that eventually exasperated their opponents. The man who ran it was Jo Jo White, an impressive 6' 3" All-America guard with the quick hands of a boxer. White was the pressure man on defense, and he controlled the ball beautifully, dribbling it with a bewildering change of pace and snapping off sharp passes to teammates.

But Kansas had trouble with Villanova, a smart defensive team that kept the Jayhawks outside with a 1-2-2 zone. The Wildcats also managed to penetrate the Kansas zone, and they led 31-25 at the half. Then the Jayhawks shifted to a man-to-man that stopped Villanova. Bohannon shot 15 points, Nash 13 and Kansas won 55-49.

St. Peter's, a free-wheeling team that had smashed favored Duke 100-71 in the quarter-finals, was next. Kansas Coach Ted Owens had watched in awe as the St. Peter's shooters, Eliazdo Webster, Pete O'Dene and Harry Laurie, destroyed Duke's defenses early. Some debatable foul calls benched Mike Lewis and Joe Kennedy for most of the game, and the Blue Devils were simply over-



BATTLING BIG KANSANS, MAY TRIES TIP-IN

whomed. But Duke Coach Vic Bubas refused to blame the officiating and just said, "It was their speed that beat us. It was like a bad dream."

Coach Don Kennedy's strategy for Kansas was no secret. He had it written in chalk on a small blackboard in the team's dressing room: "Run, baby, run!" Owens, naturally, was concerned about St. Peter's running game, but he also worried a little about the "home crowd" influence some 9,000 noisy St. Peter's rooters came over from New Jersey for the Duke game—but he perked up when the Kansas band, Jayhawks' mascot and eight pretty, fresh-faced pompon girls arrived in time for the semifinals. Then St. Peter's learned that even the best of teams cannot run without the ball. The Jayhawks' big men overwhelmed the smaller Peacocks on the boards and successfully slowed down the game with their controlled offense. When St. Peter's tried to press, White broke it up with his dribbling. Bohnenstuhl and White got 33 points between them, and Kansas won easily 58-46.

At a press conference before the final game the coaches exchanged platitudes, as usually happens. Donohoe talked about what "great" personnel Kansas had and wondered how his team could possibly cope with the Jayhawks' size. Owens thought the two teams were pretty much alike. "We're both strong physically, sound on defense and disciplined," he said.

It looked bad for Dayton when Kansas, attacking deliberately and defending with a 2-1-2 zone, jumped off to a 14-6 lead in the first 8½ minutes. But the Flyers, playing behind the bigger Jayhawks instead of fronting them to get position for rebounds, more than held their own on the boards, and Hooper called his team with four long jumpers to give them a 25-25 tie at the half. May, who must score for Dayton to win, had hit only two baskets, and Donohoe knew he had to make some changes.

He moved May from the corner to the baseline and, almost immediately, Don took charge of the game. He scored three quick points to put Dayton ahead 28-25, and that moved Kansas out of its zone and into a man-to-man, just what Donohoe hoped would happen. Less restricted, May began hitting with his pet turnaround jumpers and grabbing rebounds the led with 10) from the tall Jayhawks, and the Flyers pulled away. He scored 17 points in the second half and Dayton led 52-41 with 4:21 to play. It was all over then. Surprisingly, the Flyers out rebounded Kansas 36-26. May had 22 points, 106 for the tournament and was voted the Most Valuable Player.

Afterward, Donohoe, telexes and in his shirt-sleeves, sipped happily at a can of Coke. Would he like to play UCLA? "I'm satisfied with the NIT trophy," he said, grinning. "I'm happy to just go home and watch someone else play that team." **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ON TARGET

Sirs:

Congratulations on being the first nationally circulated magazine to present an objective article on the firearms issue in the United States today (*Base? Base? You're Dead*, March 18). Marlon Kane hits the target dead center when he says that compulsory registration of all firearms only aggravates the law-abiding shooter, because persons desiring firearms for criminal purposes certainly will not register theirs. A partial solution is to make the punishment for the commission of a crime involving firearms or the theft of firearms more severe.

ROBERT J. MARONE

Upper Montclair, N.J.

Sirs:

The American public has been fired upon too long by the anti-gun faction with distorted truths, twisted facts and outright lies. It renews one's faith in national magazines to see a factual story presenting the sportsman's views on the proposed gun legislation.

I cast my vote for Martin Kane as ST's Sportsman of the Year.

JOHN AMOS

Sidney, Ohio

Sirs:

It would be hard to improve upon this fine article. Your statistics are revealing and point out many of the fallacies on which so many unnecessary, unsuccessful and politically motivated gun laws have been enacted.

The major organization to campaign against such laws, as you pointed out, is the National Rifle Association. Unfortunately, many members of the NRA, and I number myself among them, feel its editorial policies are sometimes a bit too extreme. All too often, however, the NRA is practically forced into taking these precarious stands as a reaction to the uninformed opinions circulated by various anti-gun factions. The "enlightened" journalistic fraternity is a persistent source of "let's stop crime by licensing guns." It currently seems fashionable for these well-intentioned, if misguided, individuals to be against the use of guns in any manner, be it legal or not. The results of New York's Sullivan Law and others like it dispute their logic.

BRUCE R. SHAW

San Francisco

BIRD BOWL

Sirs:

In regard to your article about Lady Bird's howling in the White House (*Deep Down at the Lanes*, March 18) we understand that LBJ has started bowling with renewed

energy. He's trying to figure out how to convert a Kennedy-McCarthy split.

JOHN V. LYONS

Chicago

Sirs:

Best Lady Bird stick to plucking dimes.

JAMES G. BURDICK

Fox Point, Wis.

Sirs:

It was a real human interest story and the action photos are outstanding, not because Mrs. Johnson has good bowling form, but because many of our Woman's International Bowling Congress members set themselves with the same sort of follow-through. Mrs. Johnson has been good for women's bowling.

CHARLES W. WISLAKA

Columbus, Ohio

DUKEDOM

Sirs:

Honor to Duke University's 17th *Times* Generation, March 11! Long may its students have such a marvelous, sane and undisturbed atmosphere in which to pursue their intellectual, social and cultural goals! May they forever be able to retain this peaceful, untouched-by-the-lookers-from-other-universities attitude toward life.

M. K. MILLER

Wheaton, Ill.

Sirs:

Concerning the *Times* Generation and Abbie Hogget's lament that "kids feel they can't really influence anything themselves", for a century or so out "kids" have accepted the fact of life that their position was not one of power. Instead they have had the patience and guts to work for the right to lead and have come to positions of power as mature, wise and strong men. It is a sign of unpardonable conceit on their part if some of today's kids feel cheated because they cannot influence the policies of a nation at the age of 20.

JIM BRUNING

(age 25)

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Through my experiences at the university, from my relations with the students there and as a representative in a small way of what is to be, I would like to discuss a misconception. It may be encouraging to many to know that not all college students are radically and emotionally aroused about anything and everything, but the calm at Duke should not be confused with apathy. It is rather the product of a confidence, the same

kind that once accompanied an affiliation with a Columbia or a Cornell. Granted the students do not seem to identify with an individual, with a Timothy Leary, an H. Rap Brown or even a Eugene McCarthy, but in a sense Duke the school is the hero, for it is sustaining a very important element of the educational world.

JERRY GOLDEN

Duke University

Class of 1972

South River, N.J.

Sirs:

William Johnson could have completed the whole comment that J. B. Duke was making in favor of business education which included those 14 words Johnson chose to lift out of context for his own distorting use. Or he might have moderated his sarcastic description of the "brimsome-bred Methodist" Duke family by mentioning their early and unpopular opposition to slavery and to secession, their courageously open support for liberal, Republican-Populist fusion politics during Reconstruction, their pioneering support for women's suffrage, which won them national attention, or the vital support they gave to a professor at Trinity College who was in danger of losing his job after he publicly castigated the South for its racial discrimination. All these incidents are matters of record, and the last one, as fact, attracted the laudatory attention of Theodore Roosevelt.

But the Duke family was not the only victim of Johnson's essay. The one-sidedness of his depiction of the university and its locale was even more puzzling. Obviously, a great deal of research went into his composition, and it is hard to understand why he would not have preferred to use that advantage to explore the situation in its real depth and breadth. Any time a writer reduces his perspective to a single dimension in order to make it look taller, he is going to have trouble holding it upright in the winds of challenge or disagreement.

JOHN PHILLIPS

Durham, N.C.

MORAL ISSUE

Sirs:

Your essay on "Politics vs. Principles" (*Scorecard*, March 11) demonstrated your marked insensitivity to the nonwhite segment of our population. In reality it is you and people like you who are playing politics and turning a cold shoulder to principle. The real principle involved in this case is whether South Africa, one of the greatest offenders of human dignity in the world today, should be reinstated at a time when the black people of the world are finally be-

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out for the
other guy.

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out for the
other guy.

Watch
out for the
other guy.

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out for the
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Defensively.**



gining to gain some of the respect and rights that have so long been denied them. Have the editors of *SI* actually been deceived by the cheap trick practiced by the South Africans of substituting unequal togetherness for equal separation?

In what better way, under the circumstances, could the U.S. show that she stands for human dignity than by boycotting the Olympic Games if South Africa is allowed to participate because of this devious ploy?

You support your stand by pointing out that we did not boycott the Games in Hitler's Berlin in 1936—as if two wrongs make a right. The editor, in calling this a political issue, completely misses the point that a much higher issue is involved—that of morality. Does anyone believe that the lot of the South African blacks will be any better after the participation of South Africa in the Games?

One wonders if the Olympic Games have not completely lost their relevance anyway in today's world of amateur hypocrisy, politics and nationalism. But that is, perhaps, another story. The issue at stake now is whether the Olympic Committee and the U.S. will finally take a moral stand and not bow to the politics of expediency.

SPENCER RAAB, M.D.

Garden City, N.Y.

NEW GARDEN AND PLANT

Sirs:

I was saddened and angered to read in *SCORECARD*, March 4: "The \$43-million Garden is the third poorly conceived and badly constructed indoor sports stadium opened in the last five months."

From the standpoint of access, spaciousness, internal and external beauty, comfort, clubs, lighting, air purity, vision and other criteria the Charles Luckman Associates design excels.

As the contractors, we of Turner-Del Webb strongly resent the "badly constructed" statement. We are proud of our accomplishments in estimating, scheduling, supervising and managing this job and in helping the designer find better ways of carrying out his design.

You mentioned a basketball game that was delayed because of rain leaking through the roof. This statement is also incorrect. A leak did occur at a pipe connection in a previously tested mechanical system, but this type of mishap is normal during the first year of a building's use. As for vision problems at railings, most of these were recognized and corrected prior to opening night.

I would hope that in the future you would check with the contractors before making such damaging and inaccurate statements.

R. M. HEFFNER
Vice-President
Turner-Del Webb

New York City

continued

MEET:



ROGER BERENT
in St. Louis

Roger Berent is a busy man ... and like most busy men, he gets things done in an outstanding manner.

A New Yorker by birth, Roger made his first move West to attend Bradley University. He is a life member of Alpha Epsilon Pi Fraternity and the Bradley University Letterman's Club. Roger is active in civic and professional organizations, and is currently vice-president of B'nai B'rith, B'nai Lodge. Today, Roger Berent is a career representative with Connecticut General's Group Insurance Office, located at 7701 Forsyth in Clayton. One of the rising young businessmen in St. Louis, he devotes all his skills to helping the area's leading insurance men provide for his needs of their group insurance clients.

Roger Berent does things a little differently ... it's his idea to serve first. Men like Roger are located in major metropolitan areas throughout the country. They make CG service much more valuable to people and businesses from coast to coast.

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18TH HOLE

Sire:

In order to gain admission to the National Hockey League the Minnesota North Stars were obliged to construct a stadium for play. Inasmuch as a National Hockey League team would only occupy the building 40 nights a year, our group found it necessary to design and construct an all-event spectator arena.

The job of building such a structure was accomplished in 10½ months. The cost was about \$5.5 million. The sight lines are perfect. The roof is firmly intact, simply because it was built to withstand the extremely rigorous Minnesota winters. We have provided parking places for 15,000 cars, although the maximum number of spots needed to satisfy a full house for hockey is only about 4,000.

Pattee & Associates of Minneapolis were the architects of this fine structure and, in my estimation, it is standing refutation of the quote in your article that "architects and builders still cannot find out what will work and what will not."

GORDON H. REIZ

Vice-President

Minnesota North Stars

Minneapolis

WHO'S NO. 3?

Sirs:

I am wondering about a point in William Leggett's story (*Some Hot Rookies for a New Season*, March 11). On page 30 he mentions two of the National League's three best rookies of last season as New York's Tom Seaver and Cincinnati's Gary Nolan. But Leggett fails to mention the third. Is it a secret?

PAUL ROMAN

Stoughton, Mass.

● No secret. He is Cardinal Pitcher Dick Hughes—J.D.

CROSS OVER

Sirs:

His Mr. Bowen (*Crossing the Bar*, March 4) no pity for those self-respecting olduffers, such as my father, who, having long since crossed the bar, continue to parlay the end and rounds of yesterday into tomorrow's drop shots?

Certainly the unshakable theory of Prosses and Cool ranks right up there with Parkinson's Law and its monstrously wise corollaries.

A devastatingly enjoyable piece of writ-

ing
FRUIT DAVID C. LEMBO, USA
Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

Thank you so very much, and amen!

SAM A. NIXON, M.D.

Horseshoe, Texas

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